

COUNTRY LIFE

NUMBER DEC 9 1916

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COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XL.—No. 1040.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9th, 1916.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



H. WALTER BARNETT.

THE HEAD OF THE EMPIRE.

33, Tothill Street, S.W.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES:—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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AN EMERGENCY EXIT

THE greatest national need at the present moment as far as the food situation is concerned is that of a leader—a man strong of will and full of common-sense. It is not at all necessary that he should be an agriculturist, for the question at bottom is not agricultural, but national. It is the public which ought to be most concerned, for if there is a real scarcity of food it is the members of the public who will suffer. Farmers must be regarded as only the agents who have to carry out the temporary policy or supply the emergency exit which has been invented to meet the needs of the moment. It is extremely

undesirable that anyone should have the general management or control who does not take the wide view that the interests of the public are to be put above all other interests. Another qualification is that he should be able to make use of specialists in those departments of which he may be personally ignorant. There is, for example, the determination of what machinery is the most suitable to buy under the circumstances. On this point a specialist should be consulted. Perhaps the Chairman of the Implements Committee of the Royal Agricultural Society would do. Someone in a position of that kind who has no axe of his own to grind would at any rate be the proper Master of Ordnance, so to speak, for the Food Controller to consult. After Mr. Asquith's pointed rebuke, we will not use the word "Dictator." In regard to agriculture, there is the same need of an adviser who is a recognised authority on the subject. There are many men who have been heads or subordinates in the various agricultural colleges who could advise on this side of the matter very effectually. The majority of them, whatever may be their qualifications, have taken their coats off for quite different work since the war began, but there are thousands who could do what they are doing in various philanthropic organisations, whereas the number of genuine experts in agriculture is limited, especially as the best scientific farmers are naturally engaged in the work of production.

After that has been arranged there must be some local authority created. The requirement is that from the neighbourhood itself someone should intimate what land is not made to produce its full capacity. It may be that it is left fallow when it should be under a crop, that it is bearing indifferent grass when the outlay of some money and a considerable amount of labour would cause it to produce food; it may be that the occupier of the land is not aware of the means whereby modern science can increase fertility. This matter must be looked into particularly, because it is only by having each farm brought up to its highest state of efficiency that a really great increase in the food supply can be achieved. At first, no doubt, the interference will be resented. Of all Englishmen the farmer has ever been the most independent and the surest in his own mind that nobody is qualified to give him advice of any value. It will be no easy task to gain his sympathy and so win him into the ways that it is most desirable to follow. It has freely been said that in the last resource compulsion must be applied, but if there is good management the few who will need such drastic treatment will form a negligible quantity. The proposal that the State, which means in this case the Board of Agriculture, should take over and cultivate vacant land is doubtfully good. Men who live in offices soon lose the practical capacity which they might possess beforehand for conducting business of any kind, and a knowledge of theory does not always mean practical power. If the machinery at which we have hinted rather than sketched is set in motion at once it will be no very difficult thing to arrange that uncultivated land should for the time being be tacked on to a well cultivated farm. In the country it is not at all unusual for a skilled agriculturist to take on a sub-let from his less skilled neighbour's land that has got out of control and farm it for an agreed time on the system that he pays little or no rent and takes all the profit, the first occupier receiving his consideration in the shape of land brought back to fertility. Arrangements of this kind could easily be made if the information was collected beforehand.

It may seem almost out of place to go into these details, but those who are agitating to have this policy materialised would have an infinitely greater chance of success if they started making their preparations at once so that everybody interested could see what was being done, and as soon as the necessary sanction is received they could get to work without having to waste more precious time in elaborating a plan of campaign. Let them make that now and fix up as far as can be the parts and those who are to play the parts in the new mechanism. In that way they would stand to produce a better scheme and to get it into operation without any undue delay. The main fact to be borne in mind is that the sands are running out of the hourglass, and anything to produce an effect must be done at once. Let at any rate the *personnel* be got together at once then the appeal to government will be irresistible.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



• NOTES •

THIS is the third Christmas Number which we have been able to place before our readers since the war began. Last year at this time we described Britain as standing "like a vigilant Master of Fence keeping long odds at bay" while his forces were being gathered together. We pointed out that Germany, "in spite of everything starting in her favour, has not been able to inflict a wound, far less a defeat, on Great Britain." To-day there is to be recorded a great change from this essentially defensive attitude. For months the offensive has been wrested out of the hands of Germany and instead of receiving blows Great Britain has been able to inflict them. It would be very narrow-minded to deny Germany the valour of a great defence, but defensive her position has now become, and we hope that when our next Christmas Number appears it will be possible to record a crumbling disarray of her forces. No doubt we have arrived at the sternest part of the conflict, and a victory awaits the fighter who, in Sir William Robertson's words, can set his teeth the hardest. The prospect on our side has greatly improved, and looking forward to the future joyfully and hopefully, we wish our readers as happy a Christmas as is possible with so many of the home circle at the front or in the position of having made the last sacrifice for their native land.

IT is not inappropriate that this Christmas Number should be an Appreciation of Great Britain by her Allies. It would have been previous to have done anything of the kind sooner. We at home in England knew of the great effort that was being made to place a fully equipped and munitioned Army in the field, but the task of building it up was one that required a considerable time. It is no wonder that those who had no opportunity of witnessing the training and marching and drilling which went on for two years in the city parks and country lanes of Great Britain should have been ignorant of the strenuous and determined preparation which was being made for the final struggle. Now our armies are in the field. Our guns have pulverised the defences on many a mile of the Somme valley and the Teuton has felt the undwinding power of England. Yet our growth has not reached its limit. Still more formidable as the months go on must our armies become. It is the same with our Allies. Russia is like a young giant who is only beginning to be conscious of his strength. Italy becomes more formidable every week, and heroic France remains the most warlike and chivalrous of figures. There is no enemy which for any great length of time would successfully oppose this combination.

IN the resignation of Mr. Asquith the country recognises the loss of an able, eloquent and loyal prime minister. The event must cause considerable regret, even though it is generally admitted that Mr. Asquith was more fitted to guide the fortunes of the Realm in peace than in the stormy times of war. Whatever course events take, however, politicians to-day of every creed are at one in holding to the determination to carry out

this war to a successful conclusion. The difference is only in regard to method. It is known only too well that decisions in the past have been arrived at too deliberately or not at all. Many of those who are in power have been accustomed to think out great problems without a time limit; but when the enemy is at your gate, particularly if he is a prompt, hard-hitting and cunning enemy, there is no time for a detailed and thorough survey of all the conditions affecting the situation. The only man who succeeds in such circumstances is he who has the genius to see quickly into the heart of things and the resolution to act swiftly and forcibly.

THOSE of us who have been obliged to travel during war-time have been astonished at the extraordinary traffic on the railways. Long distance trains and short distance trains are equally crowded. It is often as difficult to find a seat in a first as in a third-class compartment. No one can wonder therefore that preparations are being made for curtailing facilities for merely pleasure travelling. This is not the time to indulge in that amusement. The resources of the railway companies are strained to the utmost. The demands of the Army upon them are enormous, and they have to be met with a considerably lessened staff. More than 150,000 railwaymen are actually serving in the Army. It is proposed to interfere as little as possible with visiting at Christmas, but in other respects Mr. Forster has stated in the House of Commons that it has become necessary to reduce travelling to what is essential in war-time. Soldiers stationed at home are to be asked to give up their week-end and Christmas leave, but every endeavour will be made to facilitate the journeys of those who have returned from the front. Munition workers are to have their week-ending curtailed, and members of the general public must learn during these trying times to find relaxation and solace at home.

DAWN ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

TO THE SEARCHERS.

The night is over! Lift the head!
 Leave unsought the nameless bed,
 Ye that mourn!
 Seeking still with tear-dimmed eyes
 The blackened field where the stark form lies—
 Behold, new-born,
 A Christ-child of fearful grace
 Standing over the charnel-place,
 From bloody stain set free—
 The bright Death done! the Offering made!
 Swift among comrades, unafraid,
 Behold him, see!
 Breathing airs of a bluer space,
 Girt and clad for a wider race
 Upon a track unworn!
 O ye that mourn,
 The Day is here, the night is fled—
 Salute the Living, not the Dead!
 Hail the Immortal new-born!

A. M. BUCKTON.

IN our "Correspondence" columns this week a very important little note will be found from Dr. Russell, the Director of Rothamsted Experimental Station. It may be useful to say something about its origin. Dr. Russell, commenting on the possibilities of enlarging the wheat area, suggested that seeds leys, which to a very considerable extent have failed this year, might advantageously be ploughed up and sown with wheat. Obviously, ground covered with a fair thickness of herbage could be ploughed in weather too wet for working heavy land. But to this the objection was made by an experienced farmer that it would involve a departure from the rotation. He is a very intelligent farmer, and not of the sort that argues that a thing must be right because it has been done for a great length of time. His point was that a four-course rotation or a five-course rotation had been proved to be the best for the land. Under ordinary conditions both the advanced school and the conservative school of agriculturists agree that a rotation of some kind is necessary for the due manuring and cleaning of the crops. The seeds are sown in a white crop, and the objection of the farmer was that another white crop would not succeed.

MR. RUSSELL is not out of sympathy with this point of view. He points out that if the mixture was one of rye grass and clover, the rye grass might be all right and only the clover weak. In this case a nitrogenous fertiliser

applied in spring would probably result in a satisfactory crop of grass. Should the ley be pure clover there is a possibility of mending it with trifolium, but Dr. Russell is not very encouraging as to the probability of obtaining good results. He refers to what he calls the heroic plan of ploughing up the ley and putting in another crop. In regard to the offence against conventional husbandry and throwing out the rotation, he makes a few remarks that should be taken to heart. "Years ago," he says, "this would have been thought a hopelessly wrong thing to do; but ideas are changing and many good farmers now are ready to break a rotation whenever it suits them to do so." Even if ploughing up the ley means three corn crops in succession, he does not regard that as a very serious matter. Wheat has been grown on the Broadbalk field at Rothamsted for seventy-three years in succession and it shows no signs of failure. But two things are essential to success. One is that the weeds must be kept down and the other that spring dressings of nitrogenous manure must be given. Even at present prices, he considers that both of these courses would be profitable. The difficulty is in finding women and children to do the weeding.

IN discussing the agricultural situation the lay mind does not always give due weight to the effect of the weather, yet when the climate begins to make records it is often at the expense of the farm. Much of the present backwardness of British agriculture for this year can be traced to the fact that November has made a record as the wettest of its name, and the year 1916 up to the end of November was the wettest year. This rain occurred at the time when autumn sowing should have been in full swing, which has been very unfortunate. Luckily, the moisture seems to have departed at the time of writing, and the land is drying wonderfully quickly, so that if heart and energy be put into the work much may be accomplished between now and the end of the winter sowing season. Activity in that direction need be no barrier to preparing for spring, especially as the ordering of tractors and other labour-saving machinery will probably take some weeks for fulfilment.

THOSE who attended the Fat Cattle Show at Islington thoroughly deserved the fine weather of the opening day. Some of the less stout-hearted have not only suggested, but argued strenuously, that the Show should be suspended during the period of the war. It would be possible to agree with them if this long-standing function had only a pleasurable aim, but in point of fact the Christmas Show is a great accessory to the food production of this country. It also furnishes one of the most convenient opportunities for the sale and purchase of seeds, a class of business done on a very extensive scale at the Agricultural Hall. No good purpose that we can see would have been served by omitting the Show, and there is reason for satisfaction that the classes were so excellently well filled. Anyone who went round and saw the animals on view would be forced to admit that, even if the British farmer is being rivalled in some forms of arable cultivation, he is first and the rest nowhere in the breeding and market preparation of stock.

A STORY of Jutland Bank which came out at Westminster Police Court one day last week sheds so fine a light on the spirit of our seamen that it should not be missed or forgotten. A prisoner was brought up named George Winterbourne, charged with being an absentee from the Navy. He appeared to be dazed, and a medical certificate attested him to be suffering from shock. It was explained by the inspector that the defendant claimed to be a survivor from the *Defence*, which was sunk at the Battle of Jutland. The official report said there were no survivors, but the prisoner's story was that after the ship was blown up he was in the water for hours supported by an air belt and was picked up unconscious by a collier which subsequently landed him at Newcastle. Mr. Horace Smith sent the inspector with the defendant to the Admiralty for this story to be tested, and in this way came out the interesting part of the narrative. Winterbourne stated that he had just been transferred to the *Defence* before the naval action, and that when in the sea after the explosion a midshipman with an arm blown off gave his name and his last message: "If you get through, Jack, tell Father we are winning." The authorities found that there was a midshipman on board of the name given and were satisfied so far that the story was correct. This incidental picture of the midshipman, with his arm blown off and doomed to death, sending this last message to his father is a bit of sea heroism that should never be forgotten.

THOSE who are disposed to regard the German *levée en masse* as a last despairing effort on the part of the enemy will be well advised by qualifying this with the observation that it is characteristically thorough. The bill provides that every German male between seventeen and sixty who is not serving in the armed forces is obliged to undertake national auxiliary service for the duration of the war. The prime object is understood to be the provision of more hands for munition making, but obviously the wholesale conscription of man power in the German Empire will put at the disposal of the Government all the available forces for food production and the other services essential to the maintenance of the Empire. It is sometimes good to learn from an enemy, and this is surely a case in point. Winning the war is as much the interest of those who stay at home as of those who go out to fight, and if compulsory service is exacted from one citizen it is surely due from another.

IT was announced in our Russian Number that our Russian Allies looked, as the reward of their effort, to the opening up of the Dardanelles and the recovery of Constantinople. One of the first important speeches of the new Russian Prime Minister consisted of a statement to the same effect. He referred to an agreement concluded in 1915 made with Great Britain and France, with Italy subsequently giving her adherence, giving Russia the right to the Straits and Constantinople. M. Trepoff went on to say that the Russian people know for what they are shedding their blood, and that the announcement he made was given with the agreement of the Allies. We cannot disguise the fact that this is a great concession to popular aspiration in Russia, but the desire of that country for a free outlet to the Mediterranean is no more than reasonable, and Constantinople, the original centre of the Greek Church, should by rights belong to the Muscovite. In the British Empire satisfaction will be felt that the great Ally whom we are only beginning to understand is animated by a determination as vigorous as our own never to relax her effort till the bully of Europe is overthrown.

"VERSES ILLUSTRATED."

Echo, from her secret throne,
Makes a mortal voice her own,
Hushing every harsher tone.

Beauty, mirrored in the stream,
Wins a beauty more supreme,
Touched with glory like a dream.

Mine the song—but mine no more,
Subtler art, with other lore,
Lends a grace, uncaught before,
From a faery shore.

AGNES S. FALCONER.

LORD FRENCH has brought about a run on French chestnuts and acorns which is the more bearable by our Allies inasmuch as it implies a very high compliment. When Lord French visited Verdun he picked up a handful of chestnuts, and being asked his reason, replied that it was to plant them in his grounds and raise an avenue as a memorial of the glorious city. The *Petit Parisien*, in relating this story, adds that everyone in England dreams of having an oak or a chestnut recalling the citadel which stopped the onrush of the barbarians. So many letters have been sent that the authorities at Verdun have been unable to satisfy the demands.

WE must say a few words about those of our Allies who have helped to produce a number worthy of being reckoned among the most brilliant. It is easy for us to praise it because the merit is theirs. First, we would render thanks to M. Albert Thomas for his cheery and invincible message. No greater compliment can be paid than to say it is worthy of the French Minister of Munitions. The contribution on "The Spirit of England" carries its diploma and authority on the surface. No one who reads it attentively will fail to recognise the author's right to speak on the great topics discussed by him. M. Cammaerts, as was to be expected, contributes an essay as remarkable for its literary finish as for its clear and dispassionate analysis. M. de Lanessan, a former French Minister of Marine, and M. Bertin, whose name is inseparably associated with the building of the French ships of war, pay discriminating homage to our Navy.

HOW TO MEET THE CRISIS IN FOOD PRODUCTION

AGRICULTURAL opinion has crystallised in regard to the steps necessary to insure an immediate and permanent increase of home-grown food. The following are the most important points in a programme of immediate action:

1. Facilities must be given at once for increasing the supply of agricultural machinery and for making fully available what is already in existence.
2. Reinforcement and re-organisation of agricultural labour.
3. Guaranteed minimum prices to farmers who achieve an increased production of food stuffs.
4. Full supply of artificial manures to be insured. This particularly refers to those of home manufacture, basic slag and sulphate of ammonia.
5. Agricultural transport (seeds, manure, produce) to be on a footing similar to that of military transport.

MACHINERY.

The urgency for increased machinery is intensified by the condition of the land.

We have come through a year highly unfavourable to farming. November, a month during which much winter wheat is usually sown, was the wettest on record—the rainfall in London was double the average for the month and it has been even greater in the country—and the year up to December 1st was also the wettest on record. Hence work outdoors was bound to get into arrears, even if there had been no shortage of labour. These arrears can only be cleared off if the farmers can put sufficient forces in the fields whenever a dry interval occurs.

What will be most wanted for some months is the plough, and the horse plough is not good enough for the occasion. Wherever possible it should be used, because in these times we can afford to neglect no instrument of cultivation whatever, but far more effective ploughs are now in existence. There is, first, the steam plough. It is no longer regarded as a good contrivance and probably will be scrapped after the war is over, but it should be used just now wherever it is in existence. Its defects are that it requires two separate engines, one at each end of the field, and a man in charge of each, while a third man is needed to mind the plough which is dragged across the field by means of a heavy cable. The whole gear and tackle costs about £3,000, it burns a vast amount of coal when coal is ill to spare, and it occupies the attention of three good workmen. But still it is a great advance on the single-furrow horse plough, and we cannot afford to throw it aside at the present time. Secondly, there is the motor plough, which was just beginning to be popular when the war broke out. It is an invention beyond praise, particularly where the fields are small, and certainly worth manufacturing at this juncture. But the third plough is the most important of all. We mean the tractor. It is the great labour saver of the farm. Only two people are required, one to drive, another to sit behind and clear the wheels with a light spade. So manned and making three furrows each journey, the tractor will plough five acres a day; in other words, do the work of at least five men and ten or fifteen horses, according to the stiffness of the soil. And the horses get tired, but the machine never. Unyoked from the plough it joggles off faster than a trotting horse to perform some other task. It can be most advantageously employed to do the haulage of the farm. One that I have in mind can pull a load of five tons along the highway at about five miles an hour, making three journeys for a horse's one. At this particular season it hauls to the station the grain it has threshed.

On the harvest field, where it drags two binders easily, it does the work of twelve horses, and it will cut thirty acres in a day on a consumption of one gallon of paraffin. In spring it can be employed for such comparatively light work as scuffling, harrowing and rolling. And it does not consume produce urgently needed for human food, but is started with petrol, fed with paraffin and lubricated with oil.

Here, then, is a most powerful servant for the farmer. It does not eat its head off in bad weather, like a horse, but something can be found for it to do at every season and in every climatic variation. Why it is demanded on the farm, especially at the present time, is because it arms the farmer with means to take full advantage of any chance the sun may give him of getting seed into the field or of ploughing

up the extra area on which he wishes to grow wheat. It will provide him with a cheap means of drainage by dragging a mole-plough. But if the argument for using tractors is so indisputable, how is it there are not more in use? Everybody knows the answer. Only within the last few years have their merits been brought before the public by demonstration, and the farmer has inherited timidity from the experience of the depression. He hesitated about investing £300 or so in experiment. Lately his interest has grown keener, but the difficulty of buying has been insuperable, as the Ministry of Munitions has commandeered the material as well as the works. He must release both as far as the urgent necessity of agriculture requires.

INCREASING THE LABOUR SUPPLY.

But the provision of tractors and other labour saving machinery is not sufficient. The hand labour on the farms is too small. A time when more men are needed at every front is not one for demanding further exemptions. Means must be adopted for tapping every possible form of service. The Germans confronted with the same difficulty have made a *levée en masse*. The principle they have adopted is that in order to develop their full strength the labour of all males between the ages of seventeen and sixty shall be utilised for the benefit of the State. No rank or class is to be exempt. Each individual is to regard himself purely as a citizen. He is asked to volunteer, but the recalcitrant are warned that force will be employed if necessary. Women are invited to co-operate. This country is not yet driven to the extremity of a people like Germany, whose soul is crushed out by over-organisation and the iron rule of discipline. But the country is not able to afford that men who could be useful in growing food should be employed for purposes unnecessary at the present moment.

Men engaged in the manufacture of luxuries, the use of which is now forbidden, will be set free for national service. Indoor servants, grooms, gardeners, chauffeurs, all the "ineligibles" who continue to be advertised for, must be brought into the ranks of those who are serving their country at home. Women have done a great deal, but they can do still more. Some have already acquired the art of motor driving to fit themselves for Red Cross work and to take the place of chauffeurs. It is as easy to drive an agricultural motor as any other, and a perceptible relief of men would come from their volunteering for this work.

But what ye do, do quickly. Let the German example of promptitude be followed. There may yet be chances of winter sowing if rain and frost keep away. At any rate, spring is not far off, and unless the organisation of these forces is undertaken immediately it will not be in time to affect the food return of 1917. This side of the question especially interests us, but I do not ignore the many other forms that national home service may take.

MINIMUM PRICES.

If we take into consideration the great urgency of the need for producing more food, there is scarcely room for two opinions about providing the farmers with up-to-date labour saving ploughs and other machinery as the time comes on when they will be needed. We insist at the moment on ploughs, because the husbandry at the moment is emphatically ploughing. The supply of artificial manures is equally imperative. By their use the food crops can be increased from 20 to 30 per cent., and that is a dominant consideration. Nor is there any need to argue about transport. Last year, when artificial manures were purchased they were in many cases hung up at railway sidings till the time for using them effectively had passed. It is a *sine qua non* that the "most favoured nation" terms of delivery should be at the bidding of agriculture. In regard to minimum prices there is room for argument, but the fact that a considerable number of farmers feel timid about embarking on an expensive form of cultivation without this assurance is conclusive. The minimum price must be regarded as a measure justified by urgency; when things come back to the normal it will be time enough to consider their economical bearing and we shall have new experience to help us in doing so. Many of those who are willing to agree to a minimum urge that for the sake of the consumer a maximum should be fixed also. On this question, too, there should be a decision, which may be temporary in its nature.

THE COMMON GOAL

Battered and weary in body,
Caked in undreamed of dirt;
Haggard, red-eyed and sleepless,
Our spirits are strangely alert.
We have lived and eaten with Death—
A familiar sacrament,
And we face life every dawn
With a curious dumb content.

Brothers from North and from East,
Brothers from South and West,
We are fighting a common foe,
We are out on a common quest.
Each for his country's peace,
Each for her future's soul;
Each for his altars and home
Yet all for a common goal.

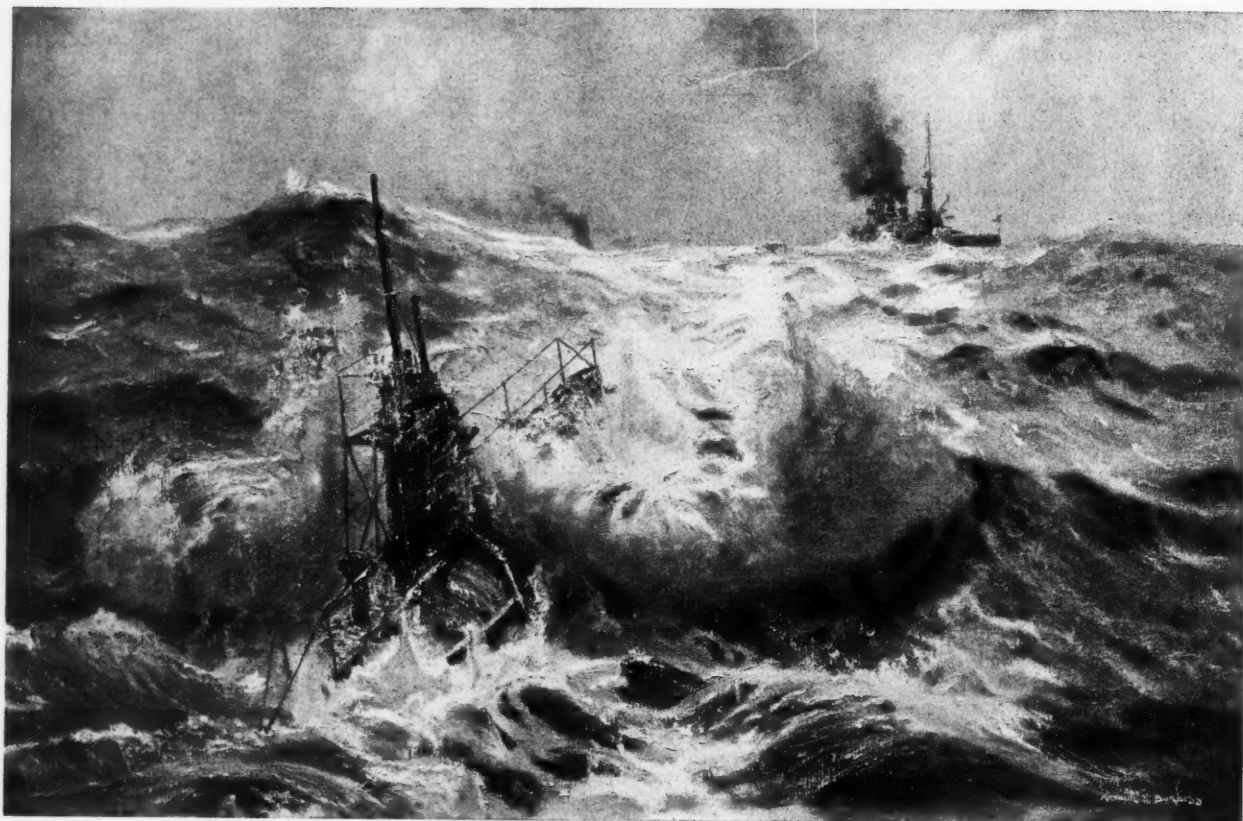
Out of the hideous noise
And the sights which make men mad,
Grows a wonderful peace
And a joy we have seldom had.
We fight for the beauty which springs
Like a flower from roots of pain,
We fight for the freedom of man
And a life which is just and sane.

Thus shall the heart of the world
Suffer a strange new birth,
The spirit of sacrifice
Will purify all the earth.
So shall the nations be cleansed
And learn new brotherhood;
From anguish and storm comes peace
And out of the evil good.

M. G. MEUGENS.

NEW BLOOD AT THE ADMIRALTY

BY AN OBSERVER.



Exhibited at the Royal Academy

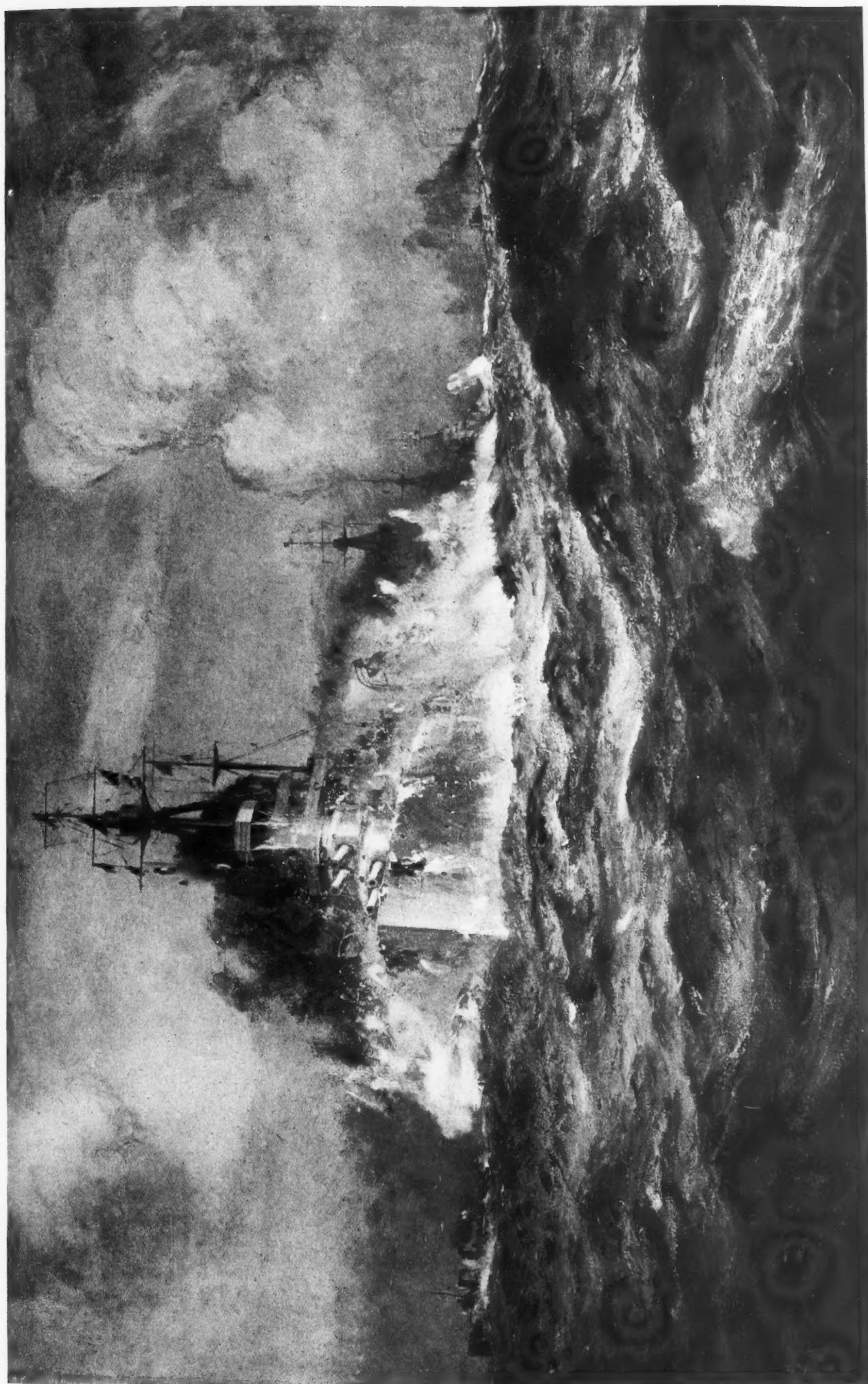
By Arthur J. W. Burgess, R.O.I.

"SENTINELS OF THE DEEP THAT GUARD BRITANNIA'S REALM."

TO understand the significance of the changes recently made at the Admiralty and in the Fleet it is necessary to recall that for some time past there had been signs of public dissatisfaction with the administration of the Navy and with the policy of the Government in regard to naval affairs. The nation's trust in the Navy had not weakened; its confidence in the seamen was assuredly not less than it was when Great Britain entered into the war. It was the control of the Navy which seemed to be lacking in initiative, imagination and decision, with the result that Mr. Balfour's Board had lost considerably both in authority and prestige.

The circumstances in which Mr. Balfour came to the Admiralty may be profitably recalled. It was at a time when Lord Fisher, then First Sea Lord, found himself no

longer able to tolerate the eccentricities of Mr. Winston Churchill and resigned his post. It was understood that differences of opinion which arose out of the methods of conducting the enterprise at the Dardanelles had brought the Admiralty chiefs to the discovery that they could not work together harmoniously. Then a political development occurred which led to the formation of the Coalition Government, and when the personnel of the new Cabinet was revealed it was found that Mr. Churchill had been succeeded by Mr. Balfour, and that the latter had chosen Admiral Sir Henry Jackson as his principal naval adviser. The important fact was brought out subsequently by discussion in Parliament that it was not until the further operations in the Mediterranean could only be followed up by risk to important vessels from the enemy submarines and by the withdrawal from



By Arthur J. W. Burgess, R.O.I.

BRITANNIA SUPREME.

Exhibited at the Royal Academy

the decisive theatre of naval war of units the continued presence of which in the Grand Fleet he deemed to be indispensable that Lord Fisher took the firm stand which led to his leaving office.

Last March, during the debate on the Navy Estimates, Mr. Churchill, who in the meantime had been serving at the front in France, made an opportunity to warn the country against delay in pushing on new construction. Admitting his mistake of the previous year, he urged the recall of Lord Fisher to the Admiralty, in the administration of which he felt that there was "a lack of driving force and mental energy which cannot be allowed to continue." Replying next day, Mr. Balfour said that this suggestion was tantamount to a demand that Sir Henry Jackson should go from the Admiralty, which demand the First Lord repudiated with some heat, declaring that nothing would induce him to yield to such a proposal made in such a way. A more admirable officer than Sir Henry Jackson, said Mr. Balfour, and one better fitted to fill the place which he occupied could not be found. By character, experience, abilities and position he was the man who commended himself to naval opinion in this country. He also stated that there had been no breach of continuity between their policy and that of their predecessors.

Notwithstanding these assertions, a belief that more energy, firmness and grip of the situation were desirable at the Admiralty steadily gained strength owing to a variety of causes. In a letter to Mr. Tuohy of the *New York World*, published on August 2nd, 1915, Mr. Balfour had set forth what he said were the only seven functions which a fleet could perform, and it was significant that the destruction of the enemy's fleet was not included among them. Such an omission was held to be calculated to lead to indecisive battles at sea—to tend towards breeding leaders of the type of Howe and Hotham rather than of Drake, Hawke and Nelson—and therefore to be at variance with the traditional policy of the British Navy that the destruction of the enemy's armed ships was the principal aim or object of war.

Similarly, in May last, after an attack had been made upon Yarmouth and Lowestoft by a German squadron, Mr. Balfour received a deputation from the raided towns, and afterwards wrote a letter to the mayors, in which he clearly indicated changes in the disposition of the Fleet, including a division of the Grand Fleet itself. The increase in the strength of that Fleet enabled the Board to bring important forces to the south, he said, without in the least imperilling our naval preponderance elsewhere, and he added that submarines and monitors were also available in growing numbers for coast defence. He expressed his

conviction that another raid on the East Coast would be far more perilous to the aggressors than it had been in the past, and was therefore less likely to occur. No little uneasiness was caused by these admissions and promises, which pointed to an undoubted change in the strategic policy of the Navy. Equally remarkable was the First Lord's admission during a debate on the air defences of the country on February 16th last that the Navy had not got all the guns it wanted, and that there was a general deficiency of munitions in every department of the Service.

A further source of anxiety in the public mind was the renewal of the submarine campaign with boats of larger range of action armed with guns of heavier calibre. The assault of these super-submarines upon a carrying tonnage of which it was officially stated that over one-half had been requisitioned for military purposes—and also upon the merchant marine of the Allies and neutrals—became increasingly serious. Measures of repression which had been devised when Mr. Churchill and Lord Fisher were at the Admiralty, and which enabled the original campaign to be kept "well in hand," as Lord Selborne stated, appeared to be ineffective to cope with the new menace. Then, again, from the German naval bases at Zeebrugge and Ostend the enemy launched a succession of raids of a minor character, coupled with the molestation of the traffic between Holland and this country which menaced this source of our food supply, and the cumulative effect of these operations was most disturbing. Moreover, Mr. Balfour, replying at the Lord Mayor's banquet to criticisms on this subject, repeated his action after the Yarmouth raid by threatening that if the Germans again entered the Channel his confident hope was that they would not get out again without heavy disaster. This gave the raids an unnecessary significance, for they continued, and the Germans still got away. On these and other occasions there appeared to be a lack of information about the movements and composition of the enemy forces, and it was also charged against the Admiralty by distinguished flag officers that their communications to the Press were wanting in candour. The handling of the reports of the Jutland battle a few months earlier was also the cause of much criticism, and a suggestion that the Board were distinctly out of touch with the Fleets at sea.

On the top of the impatience aroused by the German manœuvres and the lack of vigour in dealing with them came the problem of the Air Board. This body, appointed a few months earlier under the chairmanship of Lord Curzon, was said to have been hampered in its work by the refusal of the Admiralty either to assist in its development or to appoint an additional Sea Lord who would attend to air



Exhibited at the Royal Academy

AUSTRALIA'S NAVY.

By Arthur J. W. Burgess, R.O.I.



Exhibited at the Royal Academy

LIGHT CRUISERS.

By Arthur J. W. Burgess, R.O.I.

"Chokin' down and blindin' thro' it for the honour of the King."

matters only. There was also a complaint that, although machines were more numerous and efficient, the offensive taken against the enemy bases in Belgium and elsewhere had not been maintained. How far these criticisms were justified was not the question; but that disquiet was caused by what Mr. Churchill called the "attitude of pure passivity" was indisputable.

Eventually, it was borne in upon the Government that it had become necessary to strengthen the Admiralty, and that an infusion of new blood was required in order to allay the growing uneasiness which found expression in the Press and in Parliament. It was openly alleged that there had been a failure to make the most of our great sea strength, both in connection with the blockade of Germany and the submarine campaign; that the North Sea had become a German Ocean by the adoption of purely defensive measures of meeting the provocative tactics of the raiders from Zeebrugge; and that the cultivation of a too conservative and hidebound attitude had prevented the country from benefiting by the experience, the brains and the genius, both afloat and ashore, which were available to deal with the pressing problems of the naval war. There followed a crop of rumours of resignations and changes, which gradually crystallised into a definite statement that Admiral Sir John Jellicoe had been recalled to Whitehall, and that Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty had been selected to take command of the Grand Fleet in his stead. On November 29th Mr. Balfour, in answer to a casual question in the House of Commons, confirmed this news, and added that Admiral Sir Henry Jackson had been made President of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. The First Lord gave no reason for the removal of the last-named officer, who, only a few months earlier, he had described as an ideal First Sea Lord, upon whose guidance and support he thought himself fortunate in being able to rely.

Nor did Mr. Balfour explain why it had been considered expedient to withdraw Sir John Jellicoe from a post for which he had been specially chosen, and for which he had shown himself to be pre-eminently well fitted. It was impossible, in these circumstances, that there should not have arisen a suspicion that the political advantages to be served by this move were at least as much thought of as the interests of the country. The public, at all events, were left without guidance in this matter, and the changes were welcomed because both the admirals stood deservedly high in the popular estimation. Sir David Beatty is as much idolised by the man in the street as he is by his own sailors; while it can be easily realised how the War Council

will derive great benefit from the incomparable knowledge and experience which Sir John Jellicoe has gained during more than two years afloat in command of the Fleet under war conditions.

This exposition of the causes which have led to the recently announced changes does not necessarily show that they are mistaken; still less does it impugn the capacity of these officers for their new posts. It is an ill wind that blows good to nobody, and if the needs of the Government for further support are to have the effect of freshening up the Admiralty and bringing about a closer action between that department and the seamen in the Fleet, the nation will have cause for thankfulness and satisfaction. Sir John Jellicoe can hardly have relinquished his command without a pang, but his watchwords are discipline and duty. His departure from the Fleet will have been a cause for much keen regret, for he has not only won the confidence but the affectionate regard of all those serving under him. He has a deserved reputation as a successful administrator as well as a distinguished commander and a consummate seaman. Most of the work he has done has been performed in silence, but although unseen its effect has been far-reaching. He has handled, to the admiration of ourselves and our Allies, the most powerful and the most mobile fleet the world has ever seen, while he has faced, with matchless comprehension, conditions as exacting as they were novel.

In their choice of Sir David Beatty as the new Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet the Government has certainly had the approval of the nation. Sir David Beatty has shown himself to be possessed of all the qualities of a capable and resourceful leader. No sea officer has had larger experience of modern battle conditions in the war at sea, and on the three occasions when he has been put to the test he has exhibited that clear vision, swift decision and prompt action which goes far to ensure success. He has shown that he knows how to deal with novel weapons in novel situations, and, blessed with comparative youth, he has now in his charge an instrument attuned to a high standard, and both absolutely and relatively stronger than it was when his predecessor took it in hand. The naval profession is not short of talented and resourceful officers, but the country may think itself fortunate to have available these two men of exceptional experience, upon whose services in positions of special responsibility it can confidently rely.

The political situation, however, is far from clear, although it may be hoped that the period of wavering

and irresolution will soon pass. As Mr. Balfour has intimated, further changes and reforms are to follow. It would not be a matter of great surprise in all the circumstances

if they made provision for the British Navy being brought into line with those of all our Allies by the inclusion of a seaman in the Cabinet as First Lord.

THE SPIRIT OF ENGLAND

BY A RUSSIAN.

CAN enthusiasm be genuine without a certain degree of partiality? In other words, can an enthusiastic appreciation be impartial? If the reader answers this question in the negative I warn him not to proceed any further—to turn the page and devote his attention to records of *facts* whose inner meaning he will estimate according to his own powers of deduction.

I have had the privilege of watching very closely the life of Great Britain since the fateful day of August 4th, 1914, and my admiration for this nation and for its achievements is so profound that as I write I am conscious of my inability to express it adequately. The power, the genius and the spirit of Great Britain have manifested themselves in this war in many ways, which may be resolved in the following elements: The deeds of valour, endurance and skill of the navy and of the army; the colossal financial might which has formed the solid basis of the entire structure of the Alliance; the qualities of wise, self-denying, broad-minded and high-spirited statesmanship practised by the chosen leaders of the nation; and last, but not least, the patriotism and conscious devotion to a high ideal displayed by the people as a whole.

The part played by the first British Expeditionary Force—the Regular Army—during the first months of the war is so well known and the glory of its achievements so lustrous that words of praise seem superfluous. The tale of the “first hundred thousand” and of the subsequent hundreds of thousands of “K’s Army” has been told by several British authors, some of them men of real genius, whose works will be read and admired by future generations; expert representatives of Great Britain’s Allies have paid the highest possible tribute to the British Army. A Russian general who a year ago commanded a division during the retreat, when the Russian army’s only weapon against German heavy guns, bombs, bullets and gas was the bayonet—told me after he had visited the British front in France that the British soldier was, in his opinion, beyond praise. As regards organisation in the broadest sense of the word, “we have everything to learn from the British.” I purposely quote an expert opinion, as I cannot pretend to speak with authority on military matters. Besides, I confess that in the matter of the personal qualities of the British soldier I am prejudiced in his favour. I have seen him at work under conditions which would have proved too arduous for any other nation. I know the qualities of physical and moral courage he is capable of displaying. In addition to all the gifts of character and mind which are necessary to make a good soldier the Britisher has a genius for leadership which he can apply not only in dealing with men of his own race, but also with men of entirely different mental, religious and moral fibre.

Of the British navy and of the part it has played in this war recorders ages hence will speak as we speak now of the victors of the Armada and of the heroes of Trafalgar. I have a shrewd suspicion that there will be ground for even greater admiration.

As aforesaid, the financial power of Great Britain has been one of the safest assets of the Entente. We have perhaps been too apt to take this power for granted, especially we Russians. We have not realised with sufficient clearness that these colossal votes of credit which the British Parliament has passed with unflinching readiness could not have been possible had not the nation made sacrifices such as never before in history have been demanded.

Soon after the war broke out a Coalition Cabinet was formed, party strife forgotten, and a whole-hearted co-operation between former political opponents ensued—*Cujus vis hominis est errare*—and none of the leaders of this nation claims to be superhuman. History will judge them and do them justice. But the fact remains that there never has been any difference of opinion except that a section of the public has always urged that the war should be pursued with greater and still greater strenuousness, and this section is ever increasing.

The elements of the manifold power of the British commonwealth which I have endeavoured to briefly outline

would seem to be sufficient—in *se*—in order to secure victory over the gigantic war-machine of Germany and her voluntary slaves—Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria. But there is another element—in my opinion, the strongest—that which has inspired and co-ordinated the efforts of the Army, the Navy and the Government. That is, the patriotic spirit of the nation. In order to fully appreciate this feature of Great Britain’s contribution to the Great War the international situation of the last score of years before 1914 should be considered, especially the wide difference in regard to the relations with Germany between Great Britain and her present Allies, Russia and France, before the war.

That in the minds of the overwhelming majority of the Russian people Germany has been for many generations the natural, the hated enemy, no Russian will deny. With the illiterate it has been an instinct. Intellectual Russia understood Germany’s aims. The full story of Germany’s systematic and, unfortunately, in many cases successful, policy of undermining the strength and arresting the progress, internal as well as external of Russia, is beyond the scope of this article. That German intrigue was at the bottom of the disastrous conditions which led to the Russo-Japanese War is no secret to those who remember the circumstances of Germany’s occupation of Kiao Tchau and its sequel. Germany wanted a free hand in Europe, and acted as *agent provocateur* in order to weaken Russia and divert her energies to the Far East. The first part of this deep-laid plot succeeded. But the consequences were not in accordance with the hopes of Potsdam. Russia emerged from the Japanese War a new country. The events of the last ten years in Russia are too well known to be here recounted. The coming into existence of representative Government in Russia, the 1907 agreement between Great Britain and Russia, the gradual disappearance of the last vestige of prejudice and animosity towards Great Britain—all these facts were a direct result of the Japanese war. Then, and only then, did Russia *fully* realise that her only possible enemy was Germany. No wonder, therefore, that long before Germany had committed all the unspeakable crimes which have placed her outside the pale of civilisation war against Germany was from the very outset regarded by the Russian people as a national war.

The same applies to France, where the inborn hatred of the German was even more reasoned, being founded upon memories too recent to be forgotten. Strong, indeed, must have been the political foresight and instinct which caused the formation and maintenance of a close alliance for the last twenty-five years between the French Republic and Russia. Unlike the present alliance between Great Britain and Russia, which is assuming the nature of a close, intimate national *rapprochement* cemented not only by our brotherhood in arms but by mutual study, knowledge and understanding, the Franco-Russian Alliance was based upon the idea of resisting a common foe. And when the hour struck our alliance came into operation automatically. Not so with Great Britain. There was no quarrel with Germany. Relations were friendly. With German plots in the Balkans the British nation was not directly concerned. It is a far cry to Asia Minor! Not only the public at large, but even those who *knew* failed to realise the menace of Berlin—Baghdad—Basra. As recently as in 1912 the shadow of the Russian penetration into the Persian Gulf and into India (*sic*!) obscured the vision of this nation.

The invasion of Belgium tore the veil off the eyes of Great Britain. Germany was unmasked. What appeared under that mask was so hideous that the entire British nation rose in arms.

There is, in my opinion, nothing in the history of the civilised world to equal the manifestation of national vigour, of conscious devotion to a high ideal which followed upon Great Britain’s entry into the war. In placing the services of the navy and the vast resources of finance and industry at the disposal of her Allies Great Britain would have been entitled to grateful recognition of her valuable contribution to the common cause. In addition to these factors, Great

Britain has created an army several millions strong. *The voluntary enlistment of over five million men is the greatest achievement any nation has ever made.* Great is the miracle of all these millions being equipped, trained, armed and led to victory. But greater still is the miracle of the self-sacrificing, patriotic enthusiasm, not only being maintained on the same high plane for two years, but ever increasing and spreading.

The territories of all the Allies fighting in Europe against the Germanic coalition have been invaded with the exception of Great Britain. Belgium, Serbia and Montenegro have

been destroyed and plundered, hundreds of square miles in Russia and France are occupied by the German armies. Small wonder they are determined to fight until their native soil is cleared of the Hun. Great Britain has not been subjected to such horrors. No German soldiery have ever passed the threshold of a British home, bringing rape, murder and destruction in their trail. But it is because these crimes have been perpetrated upon Great Britain's Allies that this nation is determined to punish the offender. Reparation is the battle cry of Great Britain's Allies. Justice is hers. *Fiat justitia, pereat mundus.*

"ONE MORE METHOD OF MAKING MUNITIONS"

M. THOMAS' MESSAGE TO ENGLAND THROUGH "COUNTRY LIFE"



OUR representative was received by the French Minister of Munitions during his recent visit to London. At the Guildhall Banquet the guests of the Lord Mayor gave a warm welcome to this illustrious representative of fighting France. Although his very minutes are counted during the all too short days he spends from time to time on this side of the Channel, he willingly took the opportunity of his visit, through our pages, to tell the English public—as he has more than once told the French public—what he thinks of the British effort; for, as he said, he is persuaded that this is yet one more method of making munitions. Our representative writes: I was astonished while M. Thomas was speaking to me at the vigour of his heavy frame, at the youth and good temper expressed in the ruddy face framed in a Socratic beard, and at the limpidity of the blue eyes which look straight at you. The following are the words of his message:

I WILL tell you more particularly what my own duties have permitted me to see in the tremendous work done in England during the last two years. I have not only observed what was done by our English friends; I have felt from the first day the necessity of establishing between them and us an absolute and constant collaboration.

Collaboration with Mr. Lloyd George.

From July 5th, 1915—I had then been at the head of my department for six weeks, and Mr. Lloyd George scarcely a month—we met at Boulogne and together arranged, without any fear of the immensity of the task, the effort to be made on both sides. Then started an intimacy in work and strife comparable to that of comrades of war on a battlefield.

Early Difficulties and Delays.

Day by day I have seen the many difficulties with which the Ministry of Munitions has had to contend. Public opinion in France had been exposed to the test of national danger since the beginning of August, 1914. It was understood there that this war was a war of guns and munitions, and the urgent necessity for increased output was recognised. Sometimes there was a tendency to be impatient and to ask when Sheffield, Birmingham and Glasgow would come to our assistance and overwhelm the foe with a deluge of shells. Thanks to personal experience, the delays and the difficulties did not surprise me. We, too, in France, had required a long time to mobilise our resources and, more important still, to obtain a good output. Even when the factories are built and fully equipped, months are needed to launch the business of production so as to ensure an abundant and regular supply of munitions. When the shells have been forged, turned, every detail machined, the component parts still have to be put together in the loading sheds, and weeks, sometimes two months or more, are still required for these operations. We are too fully

acquainted with all these delays ourselves to be surprised that it has only been possible to realise the now justified hope we put in British industry after a long delay.

French and British Resources Compared and Contrasted.

To the difficulties we ourselves experienced others are added in England. The French artillery, because of the importance of our army in peace-time and our long military history, had some traditions and an organisation which have been a powerful help to us. England had no equivalent to our armament factories and powder mills, just as we have no equivalent to her naval arsenals. She had not at her disposal as large a body of technically trained officers as that which our great special schools have supplied us with for centuries past.

A Word for Trade Unions.

Moreover, there were the difficulties raised in the matter of labour—the necessity of reconciling the legitimate interests of organised labour with the imperative needs of the nation. You would not expect a Socialist like myself to say anything derogatory about the English trade unions. We followed with anxiety the debate that took place between these great trade unions, whose rules have ensured the well-being and freedom of the working man, and the Ministry of Munitions, whose demands were even more insistent, inasmuch as they involved the safeguarding of the country's future. No one knows better than I do the extent and the gravity of the questions with which my eminent colleague and friend Mr. Lloyd George, and likewise his worthy successor Mr. Montagu, have been confronted.

Britain's Task a Giant's Work.

The greatest difficulty of all, perhaps, has been to satisfy the requirements of the growing army without in any way interfering with those of the navy. I know the tremendous effort that has been necessary to maintain the

British fleet always in a state of readiness, the tremendous work that has been required not only to keep it up (though that was a heavy task in itself) but to augment it—to build the ships, find guns and munitions, erect new dock-yards and repairing shops—giant's work! Only one fleet in the world could surpass the greatness of the British fleet and that was the British fleet itself. To many of my compatriots absorbed, as is only natural, by the anxiety of the war on land, which represents to them national defence, naval achievement takes a second place. But those among us who think are not inclined to underestimate its power and the results obtained.

"The British Effort in all its Immensity."

As for the requirements of the army, they were entirely new. In France, although we lacked the heavy guns that really were essential at the very beginning, we had a store of artillery of medium size, neither modern enough nor sufficiently mobile, but serviceable. Well supplied with ammunition, these excellent though old-fashioned guns, combined with our marvellous batteries of 75's have formed the rampart behind which we were able to work and prepare

Mr. Lloyd George. I shall always remember with emotion our early conversations at a period when the swing of the pendulum alternated between anxiety and confidence. We exchanged information, plans and hopes at the same time on the questions of general organisation and on the minutest as well as the most important points. At the very beginning he literally carried the masses with him, aroused industrial energy and directed the whole attitude of the country towards the war. He has, according to his own words in a letter sent to me, what are the essentials of the times—audacity, imagination and faith. To-day, Mr. Montagu, with his remarkable administrative faculty, his gift for business, and that adaptability of view which is said to be the privilege of youth, ensures the regular working of this powerful but improvised machine, co-ordinating the whole and replacing faulty wheels, and he will know no rest as long as he is able to increase the output substantially.

The British Wealth of Resources.

What impresses us most about the English effort is its wealth of resources. Our little administrative depart-



our new material. England was not able to satisfy herself provisionally by replacing and renovating old material—for the simple reason that it did not exist. Everything had to be created—a Herculean task with which the country has grappled successfully. To the resources represented by powerful firms such as Vickers and Armstrong, accustomed in peace-time to manufacturing naval guns, gradually have been added those of the mobilised engineering industry. England to-day is able to manufacture not only for her own ever-growing army, but also for her less favourably situated allies. This is the evident fact, the fact which strikes every mind at the outset, the fact which must not be forgotten if one wants to appreciate the British effort in all its immensity.

The Part Played by Mr. Lloyd George.

Perhaps I may be allowed to discuss it from another point of view, one with which I am, so to say, more intimately acquainted. Above everything, there has been the mutual confidence of the leaders. I do not think that my friendship leads me to exaggerate the part played by

ments, increased and enlarged though they have been during the war, seem small and mean in comparison with your luxurious organisation. In the grandiose hotel which was converted into the Ministry of Munitions we are astounded to see how easy it is by subdividing the services to multiply the means of correspondence and information—for instance, those printed reports, the number and convenience of which we have envied you. We have had to work under more modest conditions. Perhaps there has been a little prodigality on the English side, but from top to bottom of the industrial effort on behalf of the war this wealth which astonishes us so much is a token of energy and power. It is this which has enabled the English people (and will enable them again if necessary) to accelerate and increase their productivity, and to do so to any extent, according as the illimitability of the demands of the war makes itself felt.

British Ease and Flexibility.

Another feature which I equally appreciate in the British effort is, if I dare say so, its flexibility and its ease. One of my earliest impressions, I think, when visiting England

in former times, was of the remarkable physical suppleness, the easy and assured carriage of the English. In the industrial world one sees the same thing. In the workshop or on the locomotive a German always maintains the stiff attitude of a disciplined automaton. The Frenchman, without having this stiffness, works with effort; but watch the Englishman work. He looks as though he had been adapted to the machine which he controls for centuries. In the factories I find all the apparent disorder and also the easiness of movement of a London street. The industrial effort demanded by the war presents the same characteristics; the simplicity, the spontaneity, the almost artlessness of the Englishman have enabled him to remain in direct contact with the needs of the army. He was not encircled with a wall-like barrier of administrative traditions and bureaucratic prejudices. When such and such a strong impression came from the army, born directly of the experiences of the battlefield, when it was said, for example, that it was necessary to have machine guns at every point or to demolish wire entanglements at all costs, the English imagination did not shrink from any method. Sometimes they *s'emballaient*, as we say familiarly in French, over some rather insignificant invention, but always with a youth and freshness of sentiment which are a thousand times more

valuable than dry-as-dust red tape. They interest themselves immediately in any needs that are made known to them and try to give practical help. Experience has shown this to be an excellent method.

British Soldiers and Poilus as Brothers in Arms.

I hope I have made clear what I think of the English industrial effort. I do more than admire it. I love it—as we love the British soldiers who are fighting side by side with our *poilus* to gain the victories of the Somme. England is fulfilling our expectations. During the period of harsh trial and enduring patience which brought us to the end of the second winter, our long-drawn line knew that it was the rampart behind which our powerful ally was preparing herself, equipping herself, forming and clothing her army. To-day, having more than redeemed the promises she made, she is throwing her enormous resources into the balance of the war.

In 1916 the German army on the Somme front has already been made to feel the weight of English power. In 1917 all the allied nations, throwing all their resources into the scale—resources of men, guns, munitions and explosives, as the chief of old threw his sword—must assuredly crush German militarism.

ENGLAND'S HIDDEN TREASURE

BY EMILE CAMMAERTS.

IT is difficult to determine more or less accurately the principal characteristics of a people when one belongs to it, but it becomes almost an impossibility if one is obliged to judge it from the outside. This obstacle, however, must be overcome if the war is to bring about a considerable change in European relations, if all the sacrifices which have been made are to bear fruit. If the false illusions, the superficial generalisations, the stupid prejudices which have, for instance, separated France and England during so many centuries were allowed to go on after the present crisis, the most important results of the struggle would be jeopardised. It is not enough that we should have been all brought close together under the threat of a common danger. We must keep together in the future if German militarism is to be crushed and European peace ensured. The enemy will only be too ready to take the opportunity of the smallest misunderstanding which might occur among us, and even if our victory is so complete that nothing need be feared from the German quarter, we are morally bound to preserve among ourselves a peace so dearly bought. One way or the other, the Allies must remain friends in time of prosperity as they have been friends during the present trial. We owe it to our dead, we owe it to our children, we owe it to the sacred principles of Christianity and justice for which we are fighting.

Now, diplomacy alone cannot maintain international friendship. It is a thing which grows in the people and from the people. France may send her best Diplomatist to London, but if the French people are allowed to believe again in the "perfidious Albion" legend, it will be of very little use. England may send her cleverest Ambassador to Paris, but if the English are going on repeating after the war the fairy tales which I heard at the outbreak of the hostilities about France's "decadence," all his skill will be wasted, all his actions undermined. The alliance of great democracies is not based merely on the political agreement of their Governments on certain definite questions; it rests on the mutual confidence, the mutual understanding, the instinctive sympathy of two peoples. England cannot associate herself with France in the same way as the Kaiser associates himself with King Fox. The friendship of two honest men is more lasting than the temporary association of two burglars. But it is more difficult to establish, more sensitive, infinitely more complicated.

The first thing to do is to get rid of the old stock of prejudices which ignorance, suspicion and a narrow jingoism have developed among us. If you spoke of England abroad before the war, you soon gathered the impression that she would be all right if she were not so utterly selfish. If you spoke of France over here, it was made clear to you that the spirit of that country was not perfectly steady,

and you could not go very far without somebody suggesting to you that 1870 had marked the first stage of a moral and material decline. As for Belgium, it was ignored by the great majority of foreigners, who scarcely knew what language was spoken in that insignificant little State whose existence seemed due more to some artificial conception of European diplomacy than to the free will of a free people.

It is somewhat interesting to note how entirely wrong these prejudices were. In the light of present events, that small and insignificant Belgian nation happened to hold in her hands for a dreadful moment the destinies of the world; "decadent" France was able to oppose the most obstinate, the most stubborn resistance to the German onrush; and "selfish" England rushed blindly into the fray mainly because she was decided to see fair play and found herself in honour bound to defend the victim against her bully.

I am perfectly aware that things have changed since, and that even from the beginning some clear-sighted English statesmen might have foreseen that the attack was directed against this country more than against any other. But, as far as the mass of the people are concerned, I am sure that all those who have taken part in the recruiting campaign of 1914 will agree with me when I say that but for Belgium's martyrdom the rush to the Colours would never have been what it was. The great majority did not realise the danger this country was running. They enlisted for a foreign war to help France and Belgium. It was only when they were trained and fighting that they understood that they were engaged in the fiercest national war of life and death which England was ever called to wage. Had they waited it would have been too late. They saved themselves while they were merely thinking they were saving their friends.

So that every one of these international prejudices received the most striking contradiction. I do not mean to say that the Allied nations have no faults, and even that they are not suffering to a certain extent from these faults. For all I know, Belgium, for instance, was too fond of material comfort and shut deliberately her eyes to the danger which threatened her; France's unpreparedness might have been due to a certain extent to an excess of pride and *amour propre*; and England was, perhaps, too fond of looking at the pleasant side of life and at lulling herself complacently into dangerous illusions. We cannot blind ourselves to the fact that a little foresight, a little boldness and some heart-searching criticism might have hastened our victory or avoided the blow altogether. All nations have their sins. But whatever their other mistakes might have been, England, France and Belgium have not proved themselves selfish, decadent or unpatriotic. They might be anything you chose; they are not what prejudice made them. You might call

them any name you please; you can no longer call them what public opinion used to call them every day all over Europe.

The second thing to do is to understand each other. And, as this article is more particularly concerned with England, I will try to show as best I can how this country could be judged from the Continental point of view, not only from the Belgian or French point of view, but from the Russian, Italian, Serbian and Rumanian side as well. For, in spite of the differences existing between these nations, they possess in common certain traits which cannot be found over here. The barrier of the Channel must be crossed, the differences bred by a long-standing policy of serene isolation must be overcome. It is not only a question of mutual concessions, of intellectual adjustment. It would be perfectly useless for the Continental to make a rough catalogue of England's qualities and mistakes and finally to decide that the first are more important than the second, and that we must overlook what we do not like for the sake of what we like. That is not the basis of a solid and lasting friendship.

Everybody is ready, of course, to declare that the English are brave and sportsmanlike, but such an admission would be of no avail if we still believed that they lack generosity and warm-heartedness. A sound friendship cannot be signed at the bottom of a balance-sheet. Sympathy is not necessarily reasonable. We do not always prefer a man to another because he is better or cleverer. I should be inclined to say that we like him in spite of that. Some of our best friends' faults are dearer to us than their greatest virtues. Admiration and sympathy do not necessarily walk hand in hand. The old saying, "Beware of the honest man," remains true. A man cannot be alive if he is too perfect. Your best English novelists understand this perfectly well. When they want to make us treasure one of their characters, they promptly relieve the tension by inflicting on him some slight ridicule, by giving him some absurd hobby. He then becomes what you very wisely call "a dear," and "a dear" is often much closer to our hearts than a saint. Peggotty and Panks, for instance, are "dears," so are Kippis and Mr. Polly.

Let me give you an example. Some time ago an old friend of mine called at my house to ask me to lend him a French book to while away the time: "Something light, you know, Daudet or Dumas, for instance." And he went on talking about the weather, the last book and the last play, laughing cheerfully and trying even to brighten our conversation by telling me one of those old club jokes as dull as a worn-out penny. As he is a very busy and a very clever man, I was wondering all the time what had brought him on this wild errand and why he affected to behave as if the whole world was smiling on him. I found him out quickly enough.

As he was going he spoke of the last news—it was after the landing in the Dardanelles—and, as I asked him if he had heard lately from his son who was over there, he had to admit that no letter had reached him for a fortnight. He never seemed so happy. "That will be all right, you know; those wretched transports must always be late." His face remained perfectly calm. One would have thought that he spoke of any trivial business matter. I watched his hand holding his stick. The fingers twitched slightly and tightened their grip. That was the only exterior sign of emotion which the keenest observer could discover in the man. But that was quite enough for me. I knew that my friend's heart was in his throat, and that pathetic struggle against his terrible anxiety made him dearer to me than he ever was before. He would not have seemed so helpless if he had not tried to do without any help; he would not have appeared so deeply distressed if he had not laughed in my face. I had a strong impulse to kiss him on the spot, but remembered in time that I was in England.

When he was gone I thought of all that I had heard and read about English coolness, *le flegme anglais*, *la froideur anglaise*, and wondered at the depth of human ignorance. How many times have my Belgian and French friends not criticised this aspect of the English national character. "They are very brave, honest and generous; but they do not feel like us, you know. Their widows do not even wear crêpe veils, and they do not even send black-edged letters to their friends after the death of a relative. Just two lines in the paper, as if you advertised for a house! Look at London and compare it with Paris. The tea-shops,

the theatres are crowded. Everyone seems to enjoy himself. Oh! no, they do not feel the war as we do."

Of all English characteristics there is none which leads to more misunderstandings than this constant self-restraint, this jealous control which the Englishman keeps over his feelings. You must spend long years in this country before understanding that it has nothing whatever to do with sentiment, that it is a purely superficial fashion bred in the race by family and school traditions, and by an inborn hatred of gush and humbug. Rather than show anything insincere or exaggerated, let us keep these things locked up in our hearts.

Puritanism has had certainly an important part to play in the matter, for this sort of pagan stoicism does not seem to have been by far so much developed in Shakespearean times as it is nowadays. It is somewhat interesting to note how in this and in many other respects—in their love of good food and their boldness of manner and language, for instance—the Englishmen of the sixteenth century seem to have been much closer to the French, and especially to the Flemish temperament. The same remark applies to the very poor people in English industrial towns, who have preserved the mediæval love for moving ceremonies and who have dropped all pretence of self-control.

There is another point which is generally overlooked by the Continental, especially by the French and the Italian. In most European nations public life plays a much more important part than in England. The House of Parliament and the Church are the two great meeting places of the people, the two main organs of political and spiritual activity. There is accordingly a natural tendency to judge England from what one hears in Westminster or from what one sees in St. Paul's. According to the foreign standard, the House looks like a sort of glorified debating society, and the English Church seems too far away from the majority of people, who only call there once a week in their best Sunday clothes.

For a stranger who does not know which papers and which books to read, English public life seems asleep. It is impossible to get even a superficial idea of London unless you enter the London houses, unless you have the privilege of enjoying British hospitality. The centre of an Englishman's life is neither his Parliament nor his Church, but his home. And this is another of these hidden treasures of England which I should so much like my Continental friends to appreciate at their true value.

I was looking the other day at the Lord Mayor's Show and wondering again, in true Belgian fashion, at the apparent light-heartedness of the crowd. Suddenly the band struck up "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and I heard somebody sobbing behind me. It was a woman leaning helplessly against a shop window, her face hidden in her handkerchief. The people did not even attempt to comfort her, but they made room for her so that she could think that nobody had noticed. How many others close by were controlling their tears and would have been grateful in case of a breakdown to be passed unheeded? But what struck me was not so much the pitiful incident as the cause of it: the commonplace ballad which is sung, hummed or whistled in every street, in every room of England, "the 'Home, Sweet Home' of war-time."

It is quite true that the English do not enter their churches at every moment, whenever they feel inclined to pray, but many of them have kept up the beautiful patriarchal habit of common prayer at home every night. It is quite true that, even in election times, meetings are not nearly as exciting over here as they are in France, but English fathers and English mothers do not shrink from talking over the most serious public questions before their children; friends meet more frequently in each other's houses. The home becomes the all-in-all of the British citizen—his church, his club and the roof sheltering his family. There had been a reaction before the war against this idea. Some advanced Englishmen shrunk from becoming what they called "domesticated."

Nothing could be more fatal to England than if such a movement succeeded in loosening the wonderful ties which keep her homes together. For she has nothing more beautiful to show to her friends from abroad than the warm intimacy of her homes. She cannot render them a greater service than to invite them—as she has done lately—to sit at the corner of her burning hearths and to teach, to those among them who might have forgotten it, the sacred beauty of a house whose windows remain open on the wide world.



ENGLAND'S GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND

BY SYLVANUS

WE are making sacrifices to preserve this pleasant land of England to-day for which there is no parallel in history, unless perhaps in that dim time when, unsundering, the Britons of these islands went down before the repeated invasions of that new race we call our own—the English. We look back and see the gradual fusion of all the different conquerors until there has emerged from the storied past the love that makes men die for “this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.” We recall with pride the noble things that are written of our “little world.” Shakespeare comes first perhaps in many deep, tender lines:

Then, England's ground, farewell, sweet soul, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd yet a trueborn Englishman.

At Harfleur Henry V in his notable speech calls on his

Good yeomen
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

Drayton makes his King Harry say from his true English heart:

This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

The love of country has always appealed to poetic souls, and to the Elizabethans it was a passion which rose stronger with the growing might of England. It was that inspiration which carried Sidney to his chivalrous death—“the name of names which his heart's blood kept.” In Spenser the note of pride rises through his pure poetry:

Deare Countrey! O! how dearely deare
Ought thy remembrance and perpetuall band
Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand,
Did common breath and nouriture receive.

It is rather wonderful to find Keats, the poet's poet after Spenser, give expression in his own adorned words to the charm of our own grey land:

Happy is England! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own;
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances blent.

A warmer passion that gives to his native land the touch of human feeling breathes through Wordsworth:

I travelled among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea
Nor England! did I know till then
The love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Cowper's well known lines in praise of his country are worth remembering again:

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country! and while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee . . .

Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.

How these names seem to pale to-day before the achievements of an army where every man is a hero. But they come from

The land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose . . .
A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.

Wordsworth has a continuation of the theme:

Dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men.

When that cause is assailed by tyrant strength we learn to know England :

In the time
Of trial she reveals her noble strength,
We cannot fear for England, cannot fear,
We who have felt her big heart beat in ours.

Our long tradition of valour bequeathed from "bleeding sire to son" is united also to the continuity of intellectual and moral achievement—all that thrills the blood and stirs the soul :

In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old ;
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.

The pathos of those who die far from home we know too poignantly, and from the dust we hear the patriot poet tell with proud prescience

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England.

Exiled adherents of the fated Stuarts knew another bitterness, as they died far from their "ain countree" :

Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I speak like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

There are many noble poems to those who have died that a nation might live. The legend runs a ghostly army

came to help their hard pressed comrades at Mons. They came to the beat of a phantom drum :

We are the brave of England,
We fought for the bristling breach
And died that our brothers might climb on our bones
And carry the flag where we could not reach . . .
In mist and smoke, where battle broke—
And her name was on our lips . . .
We fell for the might of England
And we were not the last.

Never a cannon's booming,
Never a battle's roar,
Never the marching of armies
Thundrous, along the shore,
But it stirred us in our sleeping,
And we turned in our nameless bed,
For we knew there were wars for England,
And we were England's dead.

Our knightly dead as they fall to-day fling forward the torch that is caught again :

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England :—
"Take and break us we are yours,
England, my own !
Life is good and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky.
Death is death : but we shall die
To the song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars on your bugles blown.





From a painting by

MINE SWEEPERS PUTTING TO SEA.

W. L. Wyllie, R.A.

WHAT THE BRITISH NAVY HAS DONE FOR THE ALLIES

I.—BY M. DE LANESSAN, FORMERLY MINISTER OF MARINE FOR FRANCE.

II.—BY M. BERTIN, DOYEN OF THE WORLD'S NAVAL ARCHITECTS.

A GREAT difference exists between the work of land forces and that of naval forces—a difference which the general public ignores, with the result that very often they do not appreciate the services rendered by the Navy sufficiently. The objects of the Army during war are to find the enemy, to beat him, to invade his territory, and to gain sufficient victories to compel him to ask for peace and submit to the conditions imposed by the conqueror.

The naval forces also have to find the enemy in order to destroy him; but other no less important duties are incumbent upon them—to protect their coasts and ports against every enemy who tries to attack them or attempts a landing; to ensure free communication by sea with all other parts of the globe so that the country can receive from outside everything it may require both for its Army and its population, and send, say, manufactured products, troops, material, etc., as the Allies may require; again, to prevent the enemy communicating by sea with other countries, to blockade him, and to restrict him to his internal resources.

It is unnecessary to insist on the enormous importance from the point of view of the conduct of the war and its termination which the various operations incumbent on sea forces have over and above actual warfare. A navy which fulfils them entirely contributes in the most efficacious way to the ultimate defeat of the enemy, even though the latter for reasons of his own refuses decisive battle. If one examines the conduct of the British Navy from these diverse points of view since the beginning of the frightful war provoked by Germany, it is not enough merely to praise it. Not only its Allies, but every neutral maritime nation ought to tender it their sincerest admiration. A considerable part of the maritime operations at the beginning of the war which had for their object the protection of ships which brought to Europe troops from India, Australia and New Zealand fell to the British Navy. Not a single soldier from the British Colonies lost his life through German cruisers during these voyages, although at this time the Pacific and the Indian Ocean were overrun by warships and auxiliary enemy cruisers. Again, it was on fast British men-o'-war, helped by some French ships, that the commercial routes to the two Americas and to Central Africa on which Europe relied were protected during the early days of the war. This protection was all the more important since the ships of England, France and Russia at the beginning of the war numbered about 21,000 out of 46,000, the total merchant service of the world. The ships of the Allies thickly scattered all over the seas offered an easy prey to the German raiders which were distributed along the principal maritime routes. The watch established on these routes during the first days of August, 1914, resulted in the disappearance of the German mercantile marine from the seas. In order to avoid being captured by British or French cruisers the German mail and cargo boats interned themselves in neutral ports. In consequence, from the beginning of war the Central Powers were entirely cut off from overseas communication by means of German or Austrian ships. It remained to prevent in every way possible their receiving through neutral sources the things which, added to their own industrial or agricultural output, would enable them to prolong the war. Again, it fell to the British Navy to effect the blockade of the German

coasts—a very delicate task, since it was necessary to avoid ruining or starving the neutral maritime countries bordering on the German Empire. Without entering into details which have no place here, one may say that the British Admiralty knew how to isolate the Central Powers, as far as it was possible to do so, from countries overseas and to ensure free navigation for neutral maritime States. The proof of the ability which she showed in this task is furnished by the agreements concluded by the Allies with Holland, Denmark and Norway, and by way of being settled with Sweden on the subject of exportations and importations from these neighbours of the German Empire.

Again, in order to assure to the Allies the absolute control of all the seas, it was necessary to suppress the war cruisers and auxiliary cruisers which Germany had distributed in the various oceans before the declaration of war, with the order to sink as many merchant vessels as possible of every nationality.

The immense extent of the seas rendered the realisation of this object extremely difficult. Nevertheless, by the month of April, 1915, not a single German raider was left on the seas, and a British squadron commanded by Admiral Sturdee had won a magnificent victory on November 8th, 1914, near the Falkland Islands. Sailors owe all the more thanks to England for this cleaning up of the seas, since four or five raiders alone had been sufficient to sink sixty-nine merchant vessels of all nationalities, representing more than 280,000 tons. In their war on maritime commerce Germany then replaced these vanished cruisers by submarines and carried on that war in European waters where ships of all nationalities traffic in great numbers. With a view to terrorising the men of the Merchant Service, and in the hope of effecting a standstill in navigation and stopping the communication of England and France with other countries abroad, the German Admiralty ordered their commanders to act with the extremest violence, without any respect for international laws or the principles of humanity. Liners laden with passengers, like the *Lusitania* and the *Arabic*, were sunk without any warning. As a result of the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* nearly 1,500 passengers, among whom were many women and children, were drowned. A great number of merchant ships belonging to neutrals were sunk with their cargoes and sometimes with their crews, but the terrorisation which Germany had thought to bring about did not ensue, and commercial navigation between France and England and the States, which were supplying them with munitions, food and raw materials, increased in activity without cessation. The United States protested against the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*, which had resulted in the death of many Americans, demanding that submarines should not destroy any commercial vessel without ensuring the safety of those on board. Germany was obliged to bow to this legitimate demand, as a result of which her submarines were deprived of a considerable amount of their offensive value.

Moreover, England, acting with France, had from the outset taken measures for the destruction of submarines, and a large number of these pirates were taken or destroyed. In this way again the British Navy has rendered invaluable services to the neutral shipping which plays a large part in commercial navigation. To-day German submarines feel so

unsafe in our waters that they are attempting to seek pastures new on the other side of the Atlantic and in the Arctic Ocean. But the British Admiralty follows them up and vigorously counteracts their operations.

If one takes into consideration that England has sent to the Continent millions of soldiers, enormous quantities of arms and munitions, and provisions of all sorts, without a single one of these transports either of troops or material having been touched by German submarines; if, on the other hand, one observes how her communications by sea have increased steadily since the beginning of the war, one may say without any exaggeration that the British Admiralty have conquered Germany in the submarine conflict. True, she has not prevented and cannot prevent all these pirates' crimes, but she has reduced the number of crimes and also the number of the pirates themselves to a point when the submarines have not, and will not have, any influence over the course of the war. In spite of German piracy, the Allies remain absolute masters of all the seas, maintaining constant connection with every part of the globe and being able to receive all they need, while the German Empires are surrounded—isolated—and would be much more so if England and France did not hold themselves responsible for the interests of neutrals. To-day it is very clear that Germany's only means of disputing the Allies'

war. She knows that similar operations could not be undertaken now without peril.

To sum up, it is proved to-day that England has conceived and brought into being a most capable battle fleet, capable both in composition and power, which assures to her the control of the seas, the protection of her territory and such a force that the German Navy is obliged to avoid decisive battles. In my judgment the hour has not yet come to provoke these battles; but when it strikes, the German and Austrian dreadnoughts will pay for the crimes of German submarines; for the French Navy has done and will continue to do in the Mediterranean what the British Navy does in the North Sea. G. L. DE LANESSAN.

THE naval war has never during these two years represented anything of the sometimes painful ups and downs which distinguished the Continental war at the outset. Nothing in it calls up even remotely the memory of such emotions as were aroused by the triumphant invasion of Belgium and the Ile de France before the battle of the Marne, or the menace of the German artillery that bore upon Russia before the victorious *riposte* of 1916. Allowing for the inevitable incidents, such as the destruction of three English cruisers



From a painting by

"1916."

C. Napier Henry, R.A.

A fight between a Destroyer and a Submarine.

control of the seas would be to launch the whole of their naval forces against them and risk a great decisive battle. But this she is utterly unable to do. In the South the Austrian Fleet would no sooner leave the bases where it is shut up than it would be utterly destroyed by the French, Italian and British Mediterranean squadrons. In the north the German Fleet has tried several times to come out of its hiding place at Wilhelmshaven, and each time the British Fleet has compelled it to return precipitately, after having suffered grievous losses and serious damages. The most important of these sorties, that of May 31st, 1916, which had its climax in the Battle of Jutland, revealed the absolute powerlessness of the German Fleet in the presence of the British squadrons. Before the flight of the German *Hochseeflotte* before the battle cruisers of Admiral Beatty and Admiral Jellicoe's ships of the line we were aware of the great numerical inferiority of the German Fleet in comparison with that of Great Britain, but the event of May 31st showed very clearly the superiority of the British command.

It is not surprising therefore that the German Admiralty keeps its ships carefully shut up in the ports of the North Sea. She dare not even let them out into the Baltic, where they would encounter British submarines. She also seems to have given up the raids on unprotected towns on English shores in which she indulged during the first months of the

on September 22nd, 1914, and the loss of six others on May 31st, 1916, the superiority of the British Fleet has been continuous. Every time that superiority is demonstrated not only by its material strength, but also by the workman-like skill of its chiefs and the precision of its gun-fire. The perfection of the pre-war measures undertaken by Germany should not be underestimated, nor the bravery of her seamen; but one may say that since war began Great Britain has had at sea the advantage of the most perfect preparation for her crews and her ships alike, and of the most perfect machinery for the upkeep and development of her advantages.

While we render to Great Britain the homage that is her due, we may perhaps consider the lesson she has taught us. Under the most pacific Government that ever controlled her destinies, in the preoccupation of the gravest domestic politics that she had ever known, Great Britain did not for a moment lose sight of the maritime responsibilities of her rôle in the world. At the first symptom of the Germanic ambitions—far less menacing to her coasts than to our frontiers—her sagacity and vigilance were awakened without loss of time. Naval bases, which never before had looked eastward, were established in the North Sea. She even foresaw the short-distance, lightning operations of 1915 and 1916 by providing all her ships, including the Dreadnoughts, with turbines—ships at that time badly adapted to more



From a painting by

"MASTERS OF THE SEA."

"WHERE DEATH MAY LURK UNSEEN 'NEATH EVERY LEAPING CRESTED WAVE,
SEEKING A FOE THAT KNOWS NO LAW BUT HATE—
KEEPING THEIR CEASELESS VIGIL, UNWEARYING, UNDISMAYED."

W. L. Wyllie, R.A.

distant blockades than that of the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser.

She could not, like our adversaries, know the precise minute when the signal would be given, but naval campaigns do not require the long and minute strategic preparations of land operations. A fleet well planned, well built, well armed, well equipped and well drilled is ready for action always and everywhere. During peace it has sufficed for Great Britain to avoid the danger reef of the untimely economists whereon our Navy has struck, on which our Army nearly ran aground, and at the time of reckoning it sufficed for her to add 5,000,000fr. to her enormous naval budget. Great Britain in her Fleet and shipyards found employment for the whole of her financial resources, and of her crews, trained up in seamanship and imbued with the most glorious traditions. She was ready.

To the Fleet of Great Britain we owe something more than the mastery of the North Sea. We owe to her the fact that we have been able to devote the whole of our industrial resources to the artillery which we lacked in 1914. My countrymen regret that the slow development of our fleet has been still more delayed. We regret that a beautiful division of new French dreadnoughts has not carried our flag in Jellicoe's battle line. But on reflection the regret is lessened. The broadsides of twelve pieces of 340 millimetres which our *Béarn* would have crashed into more dreadnoughts of Sheer's fleet are well replaced by the rain of heavy shells with which for eight months before Verdun and for four months at the back of Peronne the wild horde of the invaders was crushed at last.

So everything works together. The action taken is the same, though it assumes different forms. The British Fleet in the North Sea has protected our divisions in their trenches. We can never express our gratitude to the Fleet of Great Britain too highly. In the North Sea we have considered only the operations between warships as belonging to the

naval conflict. But the destruction of commercial ships by submarines has raged there as elsewhere. The victims have been numerous—often Norwegians, sometimes Dutch. Of this unforeseen form of war there is nothing to say here, except that it was possible to sink even lower by sowing mines by means of submarines designed for this purpose. Germany did not fail so to sink. The war of mines, which is without risk to those who practise it, is a danger to everybody, even after peace has been declared—to the neutral passenger going on a neutral ship from one neutral port to another. It evokes the memory of that extravagant *furor teutonicus* under the influence of which the army of barbarians inscribed on their banners "We are the enemies of all the world." This was in the time of the good Duke Antoine, who crushed them in Lorraine. Going further back into history, we find Attila, the hero of the German epic of a past day and a favourite of the Germany of to-day. Perhaps the English wrong the soldiers of Attila somewhat by applying the name of "Huns" to the invaders of Belgium. Some thirty years ago one of my dearest friends in Tokio, one of the sons of that old Japan which was closed to the outer world, who had become interested in universal history, assured me that the Huns of Gaul were no other than the Hans of China, contemporaries of Attila. In reply to a question on the subject of the impression left in the East of these barbarians my friend answered that it bore no special characteristics. The Hans, like the Tartars of Kubla-Khan, and the Manchus later in history, vanquished the Imperial army, dethroned an emperor and founded a dynasty. They became Chinese. In the same way the Huns themselves would be transformed in Germany, where they made recruits before passing the Rhine. Attila, who has no title to become the national hero of the Germans, could be adopted as the patron of the "emboché"—we do well to create a new word for it, for justice is due to the Huns as well as to the Hans and also to the Chinese.

L. E. BERTIN.

CALL OF THE PIPES TO SCOTLAND

BY NEIL MUNRO.

IF the martial spirit be a good thing to perpetuate—and, meanwhile at least, the point admits of no controversy—Scotland, when war broke out, was fortunate in being closer to the martial traditions of the past than any other part of the British Empire. The last battle fought in these islands was a hundred and seventy years ago on that melancholy moor that lies between the foothills of the Grampians and the Moray Firth. The rising of the clans was not so essentially a response to the summons of Charles Edward as a last acknowledgment of the hereditary power of the Chiefs who ordered it, but it was, till now, the final manifestation in Britain of compulsory military service. The men of the clans were virtually conscripts—willing perhaps, but conscripts none the less, their tenures of the lands they occupied being conditional on their readiness to draw the sword. They still had their weapons and a rough kind of military policy and organisation, while the rest of Britain had put down the sword for good, as it thought, and taken up the ell-wand. One natural consequence of Scotland's tardy entrance into the modern life of ell-wands, manufactures and a seemingly settled peace was that in the mountains, and in the Hebrides at all events, military service under the Crown was not, when the present war began, repugnant to a people whose tribal and family histories got all the lustre they had from not very remote deeds of war. How much the British arms during the Napoleonic campaigns owed to this smouldering element of militarism in the Scottish nation has never been adequately acknowledged; the records of the Highland regiments have never brought out sufficiently the truth that their personnel, though largely recruited in Lowland districts, was, in the main, made up of men of the hills and isles who had found the life of the towns as uncongenial to them as the new atmosphere that came to their native Highlands after Culloden.

The call to war in August, 1914, found no more immediate response than in the North. In the more densely populated parts of the Highlands the possibility of war had never, as elsewhere, been regarded as unthinkable. Not only had every household a soldier in its proudest genealogy; the greater number of such households had never ceased to contribute to the manhood of the Naval Reserve and the Army. Waterloo and the Peninsula, with all their memories kept

alive at cottage fires, made the profession of arms dignified and worthy to the Highlanders whose people had been there, and the industrial conditions of the Highlands and the Hebrides made it possible for an enormous number of young men to combine in their lives the arts of peace and war; they filled, for months each year, the ships of the Naval Reserve and the ranks of the old Militia battalions. A very large number of the combatant officers and chaplains of our present Army in the field had served in the ranks of the third line regiments; they had often found the price of their education in the annual dole of the paymaster.

There is no more shining and significant evidence of the Highlands' contribution to the present struggle than is to be found in such district Rolls of Honour as that of the Isle of Lewis, where, a few months after war broke out, young men were nearly as scarce as trees.

In the flux of modern Scotland, however, nearly all the old lines of demarcation between Saxon and Gael have broken down, and the never wholly quenched martial tradition and fire of the clan countries have, for a century back, been shared in more or less degree by Scots of all descents, down to the English border. The blend of intermarriage for at least three hundred years made this inevitable. Yet it has been to the kilted corps that Scots, Lowland as well as Highland, most eagerly flocked; our Scots Colonial contingents insist on the philabeg, and the typical "Jock" of our Army, for the Hun as for ourselves, is a man bare-kneed. It is a tribute to the power of romance. For the Lowland Scots regiments, it cannot be too much insisted on, have records at least as long and brilliant as any of those that wear the tartan. Their origins and their contributions to national history will, on the whole, evoke more unqualified gratitude from the unprejudiced patriot.

But glamour and romance are nowhere more potent than in military affairs; modern Scottish art in song and story has ever been so admirably preoccupied with the Celtic element in the national history of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries that a foreigner might well imagine the picturesque and gallant characteristics of the race were confined to wearers of the kilt and players of the bagpipes. If the Lowlanders feel aggrieved at this, they must lay the blame with men of genius of their own race—Scott and



THE LONE SHIELING ON THE MISTY ISLAND.

Stevenson and Hogg, and many others who gave romantic mystery, poetic idealism, and all the old primitive graces to the Celts they wrote about, while endowing their Lowlands characters too generally with but the humdrum qualities of pawkiness and the moral virtues. High-hearted youth was never yet intrigued with pawkiness nor much inspired by the contemplation of meek kail-yard attributes, and for a hundred years all that has been young and ardent and truly national in the Scottish race as a whole has felt some magic uplift in the sound of the mountain pipe, and its heart "warm to the tartan." Whether we are Highland or Lowland, the pipes—the only instrument of music carried through the battle charges of a world at war—speak to us out of our past, stir in us, whether we live in glens or cities, feelings strange and deep, ancestral ecstasies. It was probably the instrument of the Scottish plains long before it found acceptance among the mountaineers, who abandoned their native harps to make it theirs peculiarly, because of its wild and haunting cadences as of winds in mountain passes, its frenzy and its sadness, as if the passions of a bygone race were there articulate, its far-off faery influence, as though the distant vale were wakening to the song of some Celtic Pan.

Some degree of fervour in writing about the pipes is justified, since they are incontestably at the moment a symbol and an inspiration. They, and all they connote of picturesque garb and old tradition and renown, express the very spirit needed for a nation at war. It was well for Scotland, well

for the Empire, that this romance of pipe and tartan and martial emprise survived to be the leavening which should raise a whole people. We have no "Marseillaise" nor "Brabançonne" nor "Watch on the Rhine" to lift tired Scots feet on the muddy roads of war, for "Scots wha hae" in its sentiment ill befits the moment, and is an anthem, not a march; but in those pipes, that have all the lure of Hamelin's wizard and lead Lowland and Highland corps alike even to the jaws of death, we have the past of Scotland rendered vocal, and an emotional stimulus no mere words could supply.

They have called, those magic pipes, through the sleep of men of our race in every part of the world and brought them Home. Many thousands of them, among the bravest and best, from Canada, Australasia, Africa and the outmost gates of Empire, had no thought of these isles as Home till the pipes commanded or implored; it was their fathers' Home they saw, for the first time, rising grey and old through the mist across the troopship's bows. But whoso answers the call of the pipes has ties with Scotland that reach through generations, even of exile, and cannot be unloosed. To-night, while the waves crash on our darkened shores and the winds lament through valleys bereft of their youth, those children of the breed from distant lands, with all our native best, our dearest, hear, in brief lulls of the storm of shot and shell along the battling frontiers of the world, sing through the murk the pipes of Scotland.



THE TAKERS OF MARTINPUICH RETURNING.

GLORY

I canna' see ye, lad, I canna' see ye
For a' yon glory that's aboot yer heid
Yon licht that haps ye an' the Hosts that's wi' ye,
Aye, but ye live, an' it's mysel' tha's deid.

They went frae mill an' mart, frae wind-blawn places,
An' grey toon-closes; i' the empty street
Nae mair the bairns ken their steps, their faces,
Nor stand to listen to the trampin' feet.

Beside the broom and soughin' through the rashes
Yer voice comes back to me at ilka turn,
Across the brae an' whaur the water washes
The arn-tree,* wi' its feet amangst the burn.

Whiles, ye come ben the hoose when day is fleein'
And a' the road oot-by is still at nicht,
But weary een like mine is no for seein',
An', gin they saw, they wad be blind wi' licht.

Deith canna kill. The mools o' France lie o'er ye,
An' yet ye live, O sodger o' the Lord!
For Him that focht wi' sin an' deith afore ye,
He gie'd the life; t'was Him that gie'd the sword.

Tho', gin ye see my face, or gin ye hear me
I daurna' ask, I dinna seek to ken—
E'en tho' I dee o' sic a glory near me,
By nicht or day, come ben, my bairn, come ben!

VIOLET JACOB

* Alder tree

BROODING OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.—I

By A. J. ROOKER ROBERTS.



AT HER NEST.

DONALD led the way up the glen, following the bridle-path that skirted the burn. It was early afternoon and one of those spring days, rare in the Highlands, when Nature's stern face relaxes into a smile that more than compensates for all the cold, the wet and the gales. But in this particular April Nature has been making history. She had smiled for a fortnight and Donald had to cast back eighteen years in his memory to find such another.

I had just arrived after some twenty-six hours in the train and was not sorry to stretch my legs—especially with the eagle's nest as our goal. There was not, indeed, much

that we could do when we got there, but Donald was anxious that I should see the lie of the land, and the position relative to the nest of the "hide" he had constructed for me in the late autumn. The winter's snow had covered nest and hide alike and when it gradually melted away, the birds had accepted the hide as a natural feature in their surroundings. The finishing touches had been added to the shelter the last day in March and by that time the eagles were already in full possession. The nest had been repaired and one egg was laid and apparently incubation had commenced, for the hen flew off at the stalkers' approach and—a most unusual occurrence—returned while they were eating some



lunch in the bed of a burn just out of sight of the eyrie, but not more than thirty yards distant.

The glen was a veritable fairyland. In the afternoon sunlight the great hills became ethereal dream-shapes of exquisitely sensitive colour, while the heather on the nearer foothills took on a variety of brilliant tints. Wild life

waterfall. Here a mallard, there a teal rose from the water. Wary curlews fled whistling alarm till the hills re-echoed with their cries and the deer on the heights raised their delicate nostrils to the breeze to learn the cause of such commotion. Oyster-catchers piped and lapwings uttered their plaintive "dix-huit" as they wheeled in abandoned mazy flight.



A. J. R. Roberts.

THE HEN LEAVING THE NEST.

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abounded. The sandpipers had just arrived and made their pretty, hovering love flights, trilling as they flew, while the dippers pursued their way with more business-like directness up or down stream as occasion demanded; for they had stolen a march on all the visitors and had eggs or young in many a nest tucked snugly under the bank by some tiny

Grouse called in the heather or whirled away from their drinking places as we almost stumbled upon them. Rabbits scurried to their holes and the blue hares—already losing their white winter coats—ambled further up the hillsides. Small trout lay basking in the shallows, and sped like shadows to the shelter of the banks as the windings of the path brought

us above them. Day-flying male Emperors sought their nocturnal mates lurking in the heather, beetles with wing-cases of brilliant burnished green flashed before us; life teemed, claiming our attention at every step, but that day at least it could not arrest us.

Naturally conversation turned mainly on the ways of eagles, and Donald related an episode of which he had been witness. I cannot hope to reproduce his Scotch, rendered more graphic as it was by most suggestive mimicry, but this was the story. He had gone to look at a boat on a loch high up among the hills one day in December. The loch was frozen, the ice covered with a layer of snow and at the far end a dark object moved strangely against the white background. Thinking that it was possibly an otter, he brought his spy-glass to bear upon it and found it to be a fox. Not far off sat a mountain hare in its winter dress of pure white, watching Brer Fox with all the stupid curiosity

but in the meantime the fox had crept slowly nearer. Desperate with hunger, maddened by disappointment, it threw caution to the winds and charged. The eagle waited, watching over its shoulder. Then as the fox sprang, the eagle struck. One sweeping, tearing blow of its deadly talons and the fox rolled headlong down the bank, then slunk miserably away.

We had now nearly reached the head of the glen and there in a lonely corrie 1,600ft. above the sea the eagle had its eyrie. The nest was placed on no inaccessible rocky ledge, but built on the side of a heather-clad bank where a child might scramble in safety. But whatever was lacking from the point of view of romance was more than compensated for by the advantage of good light. For five years the birds have been faithful to this unusual site, despite an effort to drive them to safer quarters, and each year they have added to the nest, which has now

assumed massive proportions (roughly, 4ft. 6in. by 4ft., and 5ft. in height).

We skirted the hill on the opposite side, climbed to the level of the nest and sat down to watch the sitting bird through our glasses. Five yards to the southwest of the nest was the hide in which I was destined to spend so many hours. A niche had been cut out of the hillside: on the outer edge a wall of turf had been built and the roof of turves, laid upon branches covered with stout wire netting, practically followed the contour of the slope from above. Subsequent use proved it both comfortable and effective.

The next day opened brilliantly, and accompanied by Donald and a second stalker I set out for the nest. At our approach the eagle flapped majestically away to the south, and to my delight the nest contained two eggs. Some slight alterations to the hide were necessary to accommodate the camera and engineer a peep-hole, but at 11.30 a.m. the stalkers closed up the entrance and



A. J. R. Roberts.

HER GAZE SEEMED TO PIERCE THE VERY WALLS.

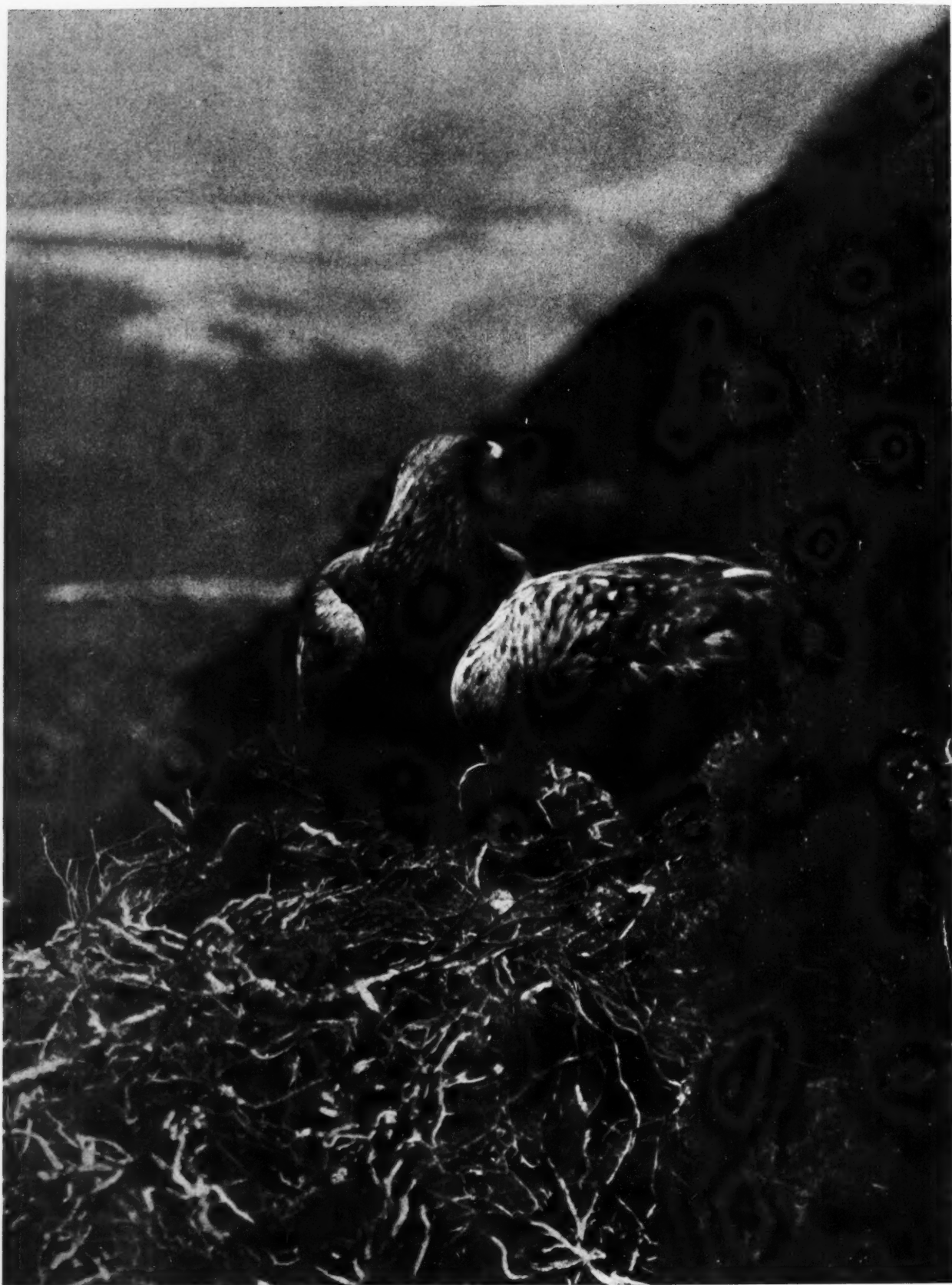
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of its tribe. Every now and again it would amble away a few paces and once more stop to watch, while the fox continued his game of make-believe, pretending he had not seen the hare. But at every step he edged a trifle nearer, hoping to get within distance for a sudden rush and take the hare at a disadvantage. The crucial moment had almost arrived when another spectator suddenly became the chief actor.

High up in the snow-clouds a tiny speck had circled unseen by Donald, fox or hare, and now the eagle swooped down like a thunderbolt, snatching away the hare from under Reynard's very nose. The eagle bore its victim to a little knoll some thirty yards distant and alighted to kill and feast. Seizing the poor beast round the ribs with one foot, the eagle proceeded to press the life out of it by the strength of its grip, and each time the hare convulsively threw up its head to gasp for breath the giant bird dealt it a blow with its beak. The hare's struggles were soon over,

with a "Good-bye and good luck" I was left to await the eagle's return.

An hour passed—an hour and a quarter. My vigilance at the peep-hole was beginning to flag when (at 1 p.m.) a roar of air beaten by mighty wings struck my ears—"woof-woof"—and the female lit on the nest. I confess my heart thumped as I pressed the bulb release. Would the slight rattle of the focal-plane shutter scare her away? Hardly daring to breathe I watched her. She was extraordinarily alert; the slightest sound made her start and her gaze seemed to pierce the very walls of my hide. After an eternity she slowly walked to the eggs and settled down. I began to close the dark-slide—a minute fraction of an inch at a time. The evening before I had endeavoured to make it run as noiselessly as possible, but despite all my care there was occasional friction and I had to desist while she glared at my lens. It took half an hour to change the slides, but by that time her suspicions were becoming lulled and to

*A. J. R. Roberts.*

THE ROYAL PAIR.

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subsequent releases of the shutter she paid little or no attention.

During the first hour I made three exposures, and at the end of that time she seemed thoroughly at home, preening her feathers as she sat, and yawning from time to time as though she were preparing to cast a pellet. Then she sat with beak slightly agape, and I concluded that the heat must be troubling her, though in my underground cell it was anything but warm. The weather was changing; clouds were drifting up, obscuring the sun, and I had no means of gauging the temperature outside. Another hour passed while the bird sat as though carved in stone, save for an occasional turn of the head. I confess that I became somewhat impatient for her to do something and began to make slight noises, hoping that she would rise. I rattled the glass focussing screen with no effect, beyond arousing a passing interest, then whistled various tunes and finally clapped my hands as loudly as I could, but still without

proceeded to turn over the eggs, which he did with his beak, using infinite care, quite oblivious of the fact that he was being photographed. I was now free to make any ordinary noise without fear of disturbing the birds and I determined to smoke. We had discussed the eagle's sense of smell, and Donald maintained that if a hand was laid upon the eggs, the eagles would know it on their return and would probably desert. I could not take the risk of that experiment and was anxious to see how he would be affected by smoke. The wind blew directly from the hide to the nest, and it was apparent that he had not sensed me. But the odour of tobacco reached him in a moment and curiously enough he seemed to enjoy it almost as much as I did, for (whatever the cause) his stern, vigilant expression relaxed and his half-closed eye looked mild. Later on I tried the female in the same way, but with different result. She at once noticed the smoke issuing from the crevices between the turves and gazed in alarm into the valley below as though she expected to see some belated heather-burning. Reassured on this point she seemed to give the matter no further thought.

At 4.30, after an absence of one hour and ten minutes, the hen returned, but if she had made a kill her beak had been wiped scrupulously clean and there was no trace of it. So far as I could observe, the birds never hunted in the immediate vicinity of the nest, nor, with one possible exception, did they ever bring their quarry thither. Some ten yards from the nest was a ledge of rock on which the cock roosted. The ground was well splashed with lime and numerous feathers showed that he was in the habit of making his toilet there, but even there we found no wings of grouse nor remnants of hare.

Before brooding the hen turned the eggs just as the cock had done, and after sitting for an hour and twenty-five minutes she rose and turned them once again, making a total of five times in four hours. Only one incident worthy



A. J. R. Roberts.

THE COCK LIT ON THE NEST.

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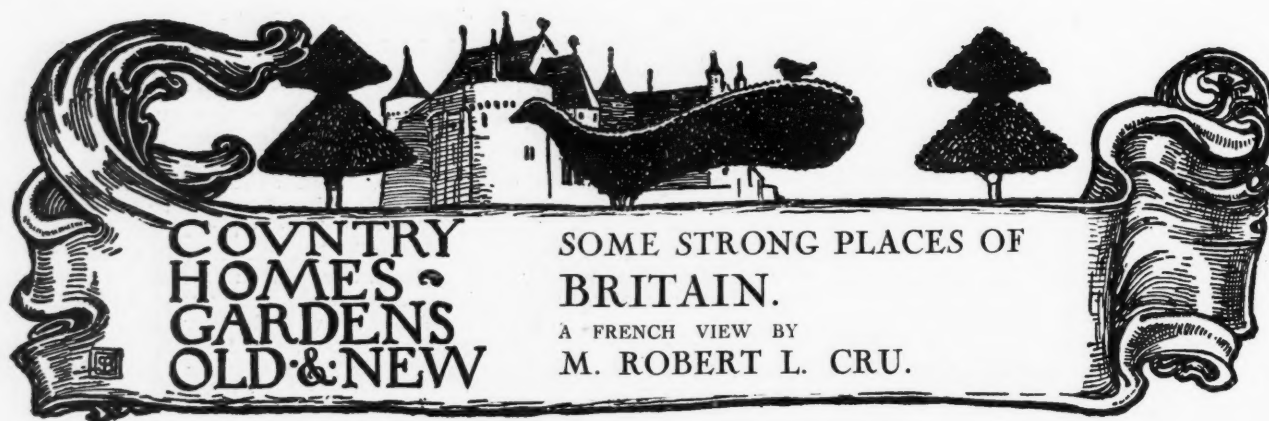
result. She seemed to depend entirely on her wonderful sight and as nothing was to be seen, she concluded that nothing was to be feared.

At 3.20, when I had resigned myself to waiting indefinitely, the cock bird made a welcome appearance. As he alighted on the edge of the nest the hen slowly rose, rearranged a few pieces of heather and was gone. There seemed a perfect understanding between the two birds, for during all the hours I spent at the eyrie on no occasion did either bird utter a sound. The cock had come to relieve his mate in her arduous task (incubation lasts six weeks) and settled down upon the eggs in a truly maternal style.

Having had so long a session with the hen, I was at once struck with the different appearance of the cock. He was considerably smaller and much darker in general coloration, though the eye was a pale tawny yellow, while that of the hen was dark brown. At 3.55 the cock rose and

of record occurred during this last hour and a half. The female disgorged a small piece of red flesh. For some while she held it in her beak as though uncertain where to place it. At this stage the nest is kept scrupulously clean and she seemed unwilling to soil it even with this small piece. Finally she tucked it into the fold of her wing close to the shoulder, and some minutes later picked it out and swallowed it.

The sky was now overcast and threatening, the light poor, so I determined to leave for the night. It was essential that I should get away unseen and so with infinite caution I crawled out at the back and, keeping the hide between myself and the eyrie, succeeded in reaching a small gully. From this point my task became simple, and I left her brooding in the twilight, searching the glen with her wonderful eyes, but with never a suspicion that she had spent the day in such close proximity to man—the one foe who can inspire her with fear.

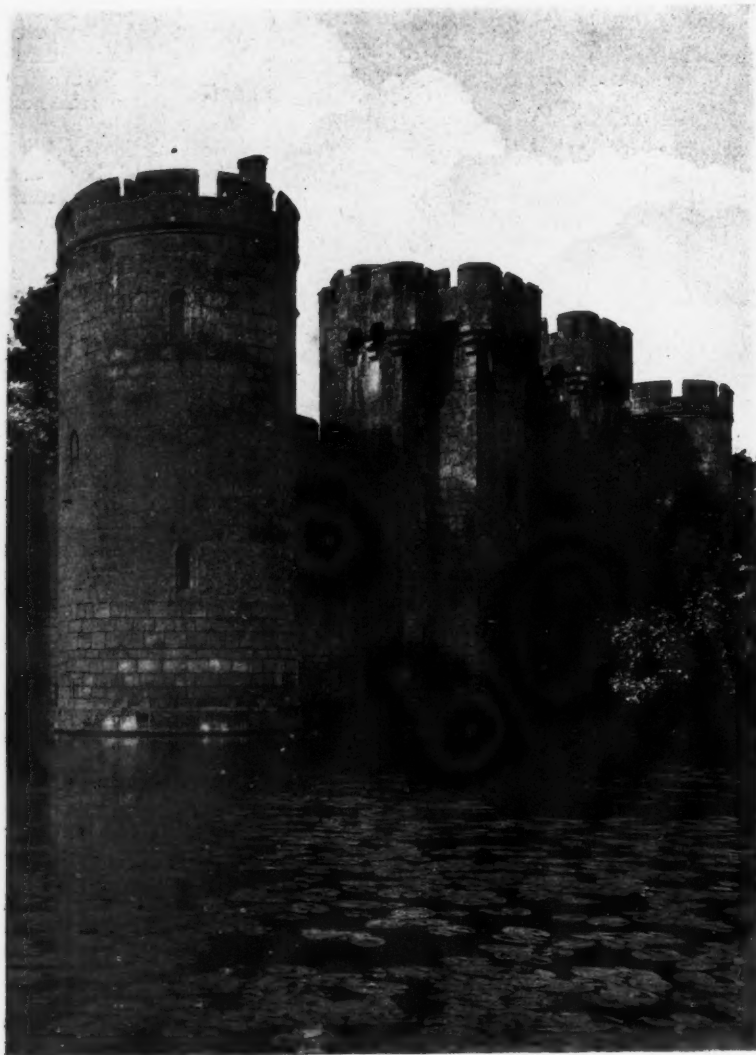


SOME years ago a witty Frenchwoman wrote a book about England, which she had just discovered, and entitled it "The Unknown Island." It is, indeed, a well known fact that for many centuries—as late even as the end of the nineteenth—the great majority of the French people did not know England at all to the same extent as Englishmen knew France. The noble wits who crowd "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," and after them the Cavaliers, in the suite of the exiled Stuarts, were frequent visitors to France, but very few were the Frenchmen of note who crossed the Channel, either for business or for pleasure. Descartes, that great gentleman and philosopher, went to Germany to fight in the Thirty Years War, then to Italy, later to Holland, lastly to Sweden, where he died; but curiosity never impelled him to visit the land of his great contemporary Francis Bacon. In the following age every young English gentleman, whether of noble or plebeian birth, thought his education incomplete until he had undertaken what was then known as the

"Grand Tour." This pedagogic excursion usually extended beyond Paris to Rome, Switzerland and the valley of the Rhine—a voyage intended for instruction as well as for pleasure, as we see from Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son, and the adventures of Peregrine Pickle. The French became more closely acquainted with England in the eighteenth century, when Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau, and a host of brilliant thinkers and attentive observers came to this country. But the Revolution and the Napoleonic wars destroyed for a time the mutual understanding which the philosophic age had established between the two most ancient and influential civilisations of Western Europe. In spite of sundry efforts at a political *rapprochement* which were made at various periods in the nineteenth century, England until quite lately was to most of us a distant, isolated foreign land, *toto semotos orbe Britannos*.

And yet, in these first decades of the twentieth century, what country could be more interesting, after his own, to the intelligent Frenchman? Through the far-reaching influence of that great event, the Norman Conquest, England in many respects used to appear as a daughter of France. Now, however, after the sweeping changes brought about by the Great Revolution in the whole fabric of French civilisation, one might see England in the light of the mother of France. It is no exaggeration to say that the average Frenchman knows and understands Old France best—the France before 1789—after he has seen and studied in a sympathetic spirit the life and manners of these semi-Latin British Isles. The English currency, weights and measures help us to grasp the system which was our own before the metric system. The English language is full of those fine old French words—not only those of the law and heraldry, but many in common use—the early demise of which was deplored by our La Bruyère. The glorious pageants and Lord Mayor's shows take us back to the processions of our own mediæval boroughs. The very streets have preserved ancient names, whereas ours have generally been re-baptised by enterprising municipal councils. The political bodies, the courts, the universities maintain the forms, costumes or traditions of a past which in many respects is common to both nations. Lastly, and most curious of all, the most ancient buildings in the land, the feudal castles, are not, as is commonly the case in France, sleeping the sleep of death. They are alive, awake, inhabited; they are surrounded by lawns, gardens full of flowers, and within their massive walls the comfort and luxury of modern life are reconciled with a pious, respectful preservation of the architecture of the past.

Few studies are more illuminating, more pregnant with the true spirit of Old England than the study of these magnificent country homes. Taine in his "Notes on England" wrote of them with enthusiasm at a time when he was meditating his great work on the "Origins of Modern France." Tennyson, some years before, had lovingly described that beautiful old mansion which served as a setting to his "medley" of "The



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BODIAM CASTLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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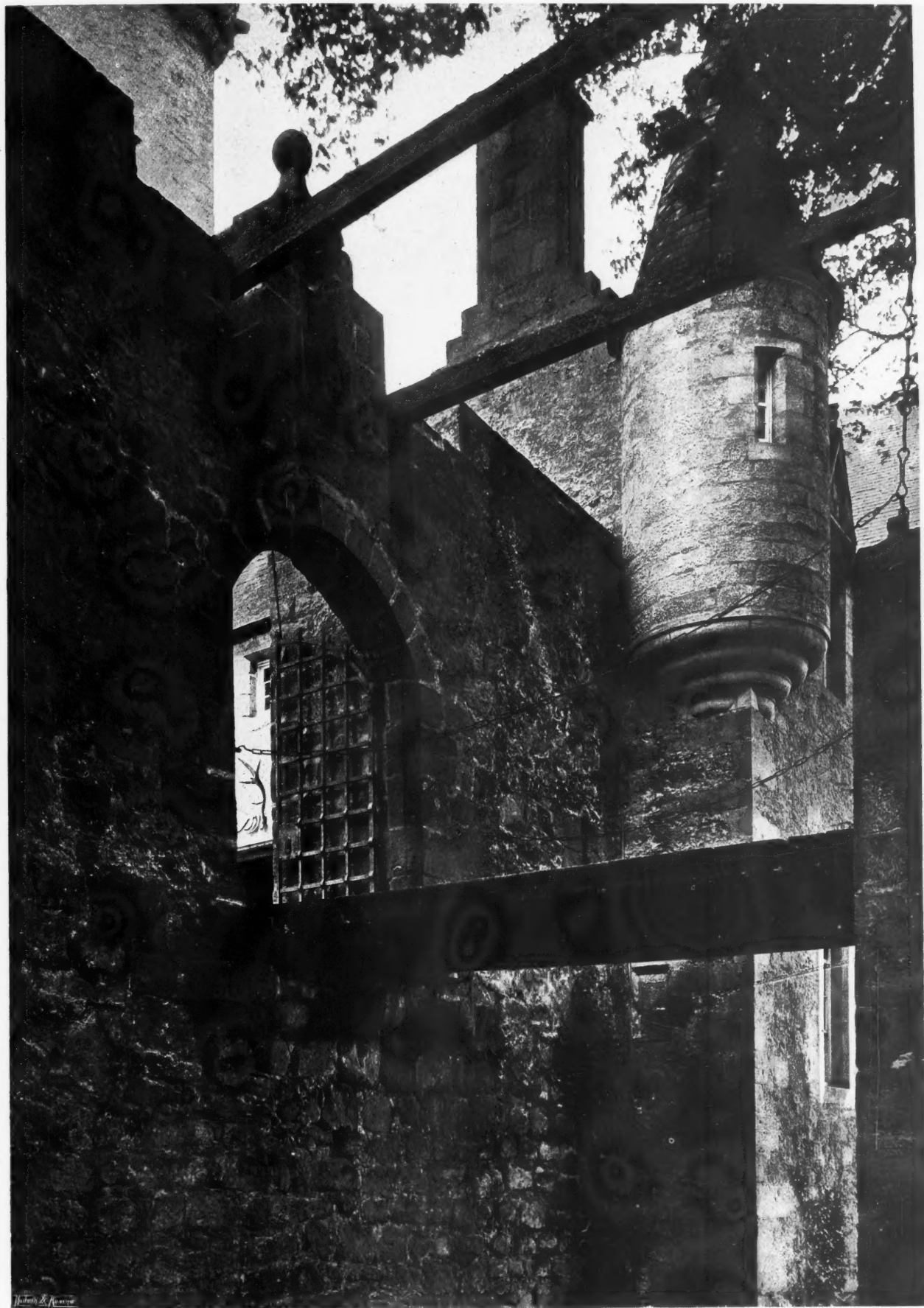
ARUNDEL CASTLE: FROM THE MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

John Fitzalan, the seventeenth earl, died at Beauvais in 1434 by a shot from a culverin; and the twenty-first earl, who aspired to the hand of Queen Elizabeth, had in 1554 taken part in the Siege of Boulogne.

The outward view of Arundel Castle, as seen from the moat, reminds one vividly of some of those old châteaux perched on the mountain spurs on either side of the valley

of the swift-flowing Rhône. High, bare, battlemented walls with loopholes and narrow mullioned windows, massive square towers rising above the deep moats impress one with the same feeling of immense strength and forbidding majesty. But the château above the Rhône is a deserted ruin, with bats nestling in the keep, vines luxuriantly growing on the slopes of the moat, fig trees in the bailey, wallflowers



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CAWDOR CASTLE: THE DRAWBRIDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and tufts of lavender blooming on the crumbling battlements, while the cold *bise* (the north wind) moans dismally through the deep loopholes. This château of the Montgomerys, the Fitzalans and the Howards still preserves the magnificence of a lordly mansion, with paths well levelled,

in the same county of Sussex, erected after 1386 by Sir Edward Dalyngruge, who fought at Crécy and Poitiers, and, we are told, amassed a considerable fortune through the ransoms paid by prisoners and the booty taken from castles, churches and monasteries.

This splendid specimen of a feudal castle, which, according to Mr. Sands, was imitated from the Château de Villandraut, near Bordeaux, has been restored in its noble outline by its present owner, Lord Ashcombe. An impressive, but not melancholy monument in its frame of green foliage, where the thick walls rise boldly out of a lake covered with water-lilies.

Sometimes, when it has never suffered siege and storm and its successive owners have adapted it to their mode of life and their needs, an English country home presents a singular combination of architectural styles, and is in itself, as it were, a compendium of history. Such is Warwick Castle, one of the gems of Old England. With its majestic, ancient gate-house, its extensive court, its high river front, and the austere, straight lines of the walls in the more modern part of the building, it stands forth as a type of the *château de plaisance*, developed out of the original *château-fort*. Those rigid puritans of æsthetics, more frequently met with perhaps in France than in England, who blame the mixture of styles in any branch of art should visit Warwick Castle, and, if they did not see the errors of their ways, they might temper the rigour of their principles.

There is at least one mode of mixing the old and the new in which it may be said that the English mind instinctively excels, and that is the alliance of architectural beauties with the beauties of Nature, possibly the most refined trait of architectural *coquetterie* in the land which invented landscape gardening—an art regarded by Edgar Poe as the supreme art of all. Take this west side of the quadrangle of Lumley Castle, Durham,



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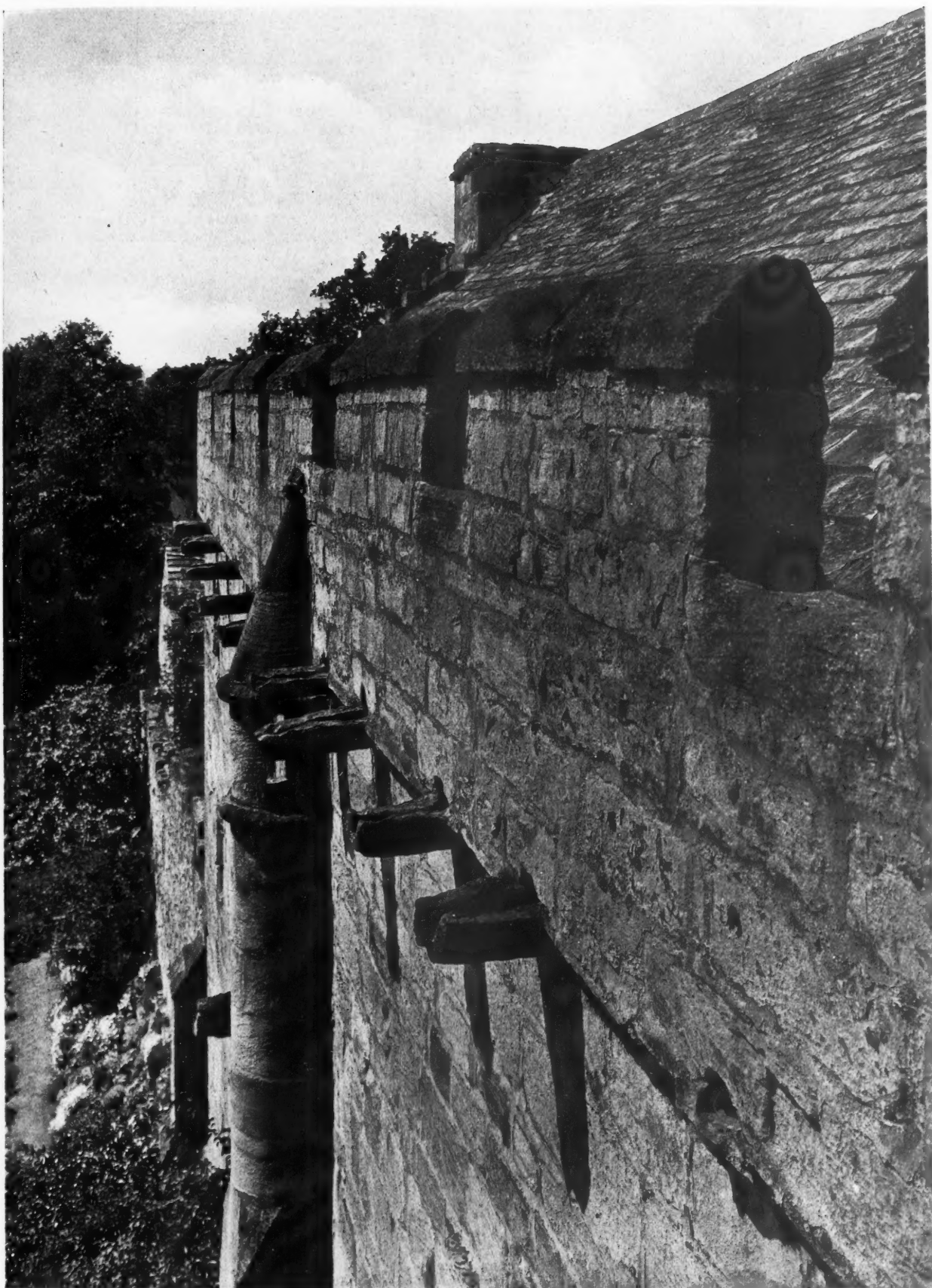
WARWICK CASTLE: THE WATER GATE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

a fine drive under its huge postern, the tilt-yard turned into a stately lawn, and flower-beds filled with flowers unknown to the Norman Montgomerys.

The same care for the preservation of these beautiful architectural relics is found in some of those English castles which are no longer inhabited. Such is Bodiam Castle,

with its pair of semi-octagonal turrets chipped by years and its strange stone pedigree, composed of sixteen shields, above the entrance of the inner gatehouse. The smooth lawn, that inimitable English lawn which is an object of wonder and envy to foreigners, and the delicate foliage of the trees add such a charm to these ancient walls as no



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AYDON CASTLE: THE BATTLEMENTS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

work by the hand of man could have produced. Compare in this respect the approaches to our most beautiful French cathedrals—Notre-Dame de Paris, Amiens or Chartres—with the approaches to Gloucester Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, or even St. Paul's. One cannot but feel that a peculiar instinct of beauty guided the decision of those who replaced the cobble and the flagstones at the foot of those grey walls by lawn, shrubs or trees. How often, as you looked at one of these proud mansions rising with greater majesty amid the green billows of the tree tops under the soft light of an

English sky, have these lines of Milton's "Allegro" re-echoed in your mind:

Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

The severe, heavy wooden gates of Naworth Castle, studded with enormous nails, open out on a soft vista of green sward. From the high battlements of Aydon Castle

the eye travels down to the waving trees, the creepers, and the flowers of the rockery below.

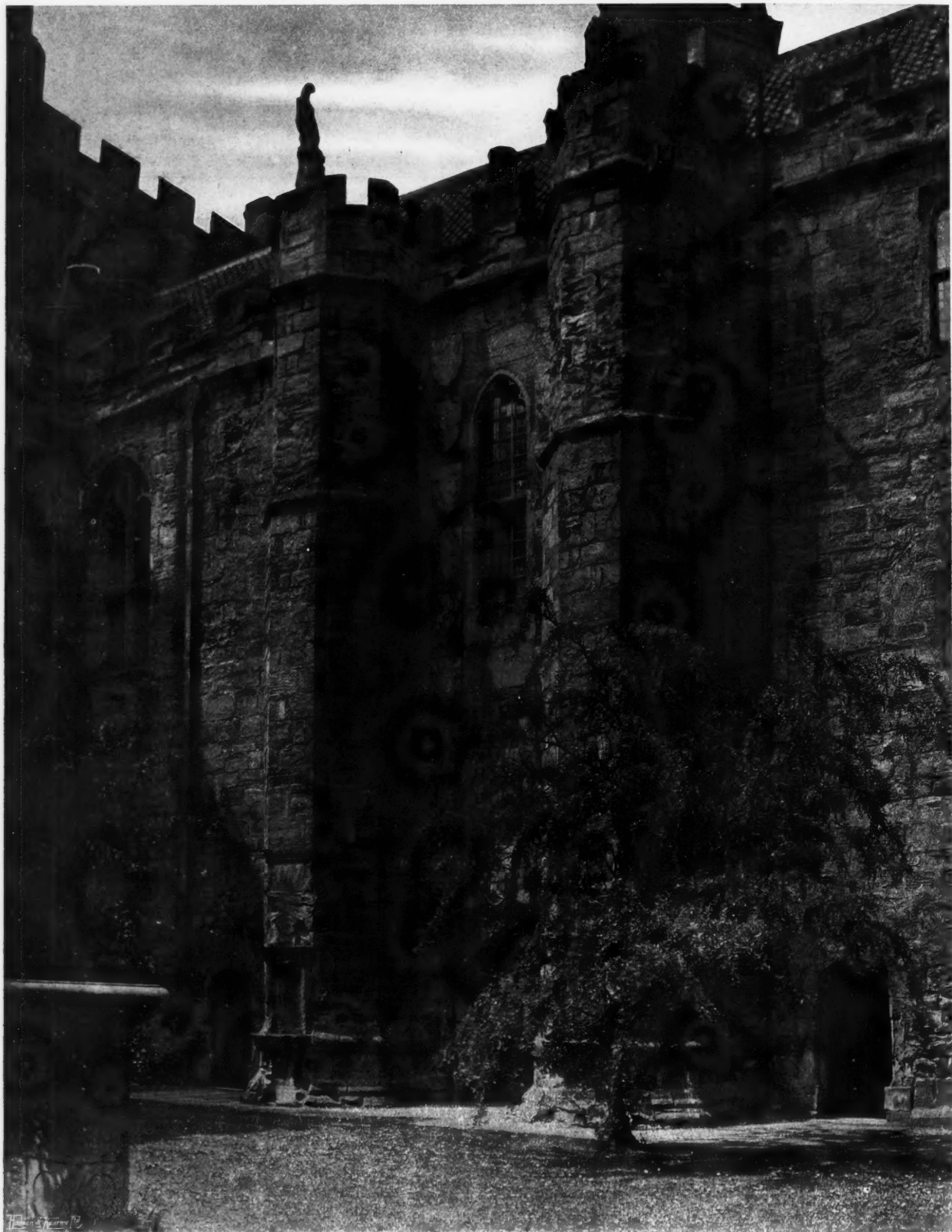
Aydon Castle, built in the fourteenth century, either by Pierre de Vaux or by Robert de Raimes, appears to have been designed, even at that early date, as a residential manor rather than as a stronghold. Witness its broad windows and the purely artificial nature of its battlements, behind which, instead of a fighting platform, you only find the sloping roof.

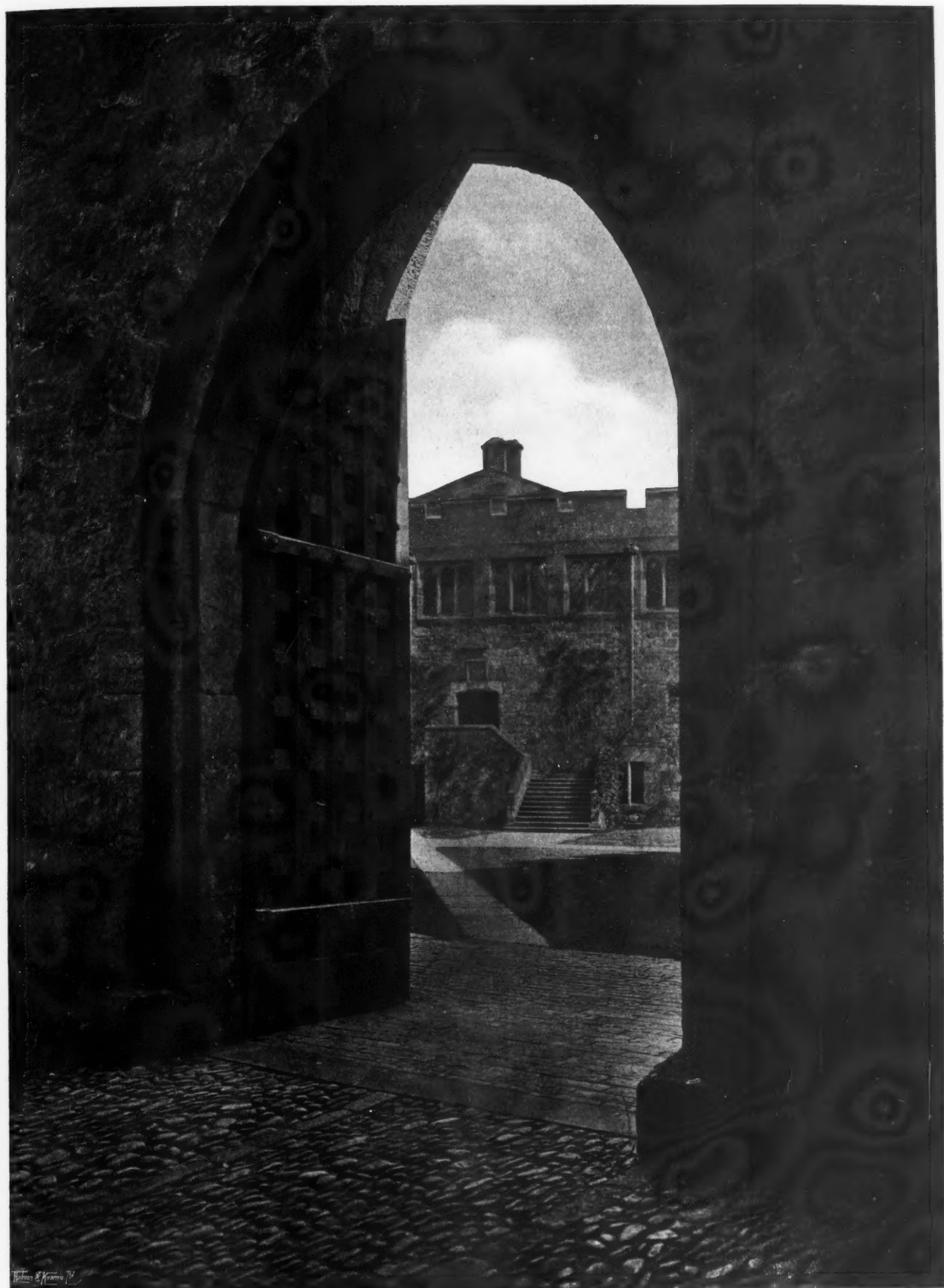
Cawdor Castle, likewise, in spite of the antiquity of the Scottish legends associated with its name and made immortal by Shakespeare, is not a true *château-fort*. It owns a forbidding drawbridge, a great moat, and imposing battlements; but it is known that the "licence to crenellate"

this castle was issued in 1454, and the French garden which extends near it—perhaps reminiscent of Versailles on a smaller scale—compels the thought that here we are not in the presence of one of those fortresses which inspired the poet Ogilvie when he wrote:

O call the inspiring glorious hour to view,
When Caledonia's martial train
From yon steep rock's high-arching brow
Poured on the heart-struck flying Dane!

In this respect, another and more general conclusion strikes the French mind after a study of the English castles. "England," Taine wrote in 1871, "has not been invaded for eight hundred years, and has had no civil war for two centuries." This long period of peace accounts both for





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NAWORTH CASTLE: LOOKING INTO THE COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the preservation of its ancient monuments and for the mixed character which they present as the result of the successive accretions of ages. "Every useful work executed centuries ago has been transmitted and accumulated without loss." France, on the other hand, has been and still is the theatre of great invasions as well as of other movements which have contributed to the destruction of her noblest heirlooms. The Hundred Years War, the peasants' insurrections known as the *Jacqueries*, the ravages of the disbanded mercenaries of the *Grandes Compagnies*, the wars of religion, the Revolution, and the modern Huns, whose sacrilegious hands have

respected no gem of civil or religious architecture, have caused a great many irreparable losses in France, that great Mother of Castles and Cathedrals. Much harm was also done by the classical reaction of France's Great Age against everything "Gothic," and by the uncompromising radicalism of taste of the owners of our old châteaux in the age. Thus it is that very few castles of the feudal period are still extant in France, except as ruins, while the châteaux of the Renaissance have met with a kinder fate. Besides, it is well known that the French nobility, early despoiled of power and local influence by the French Kings, deserted

their ancestral mansions and for generations lived almost exclusively at or near the Court. Voltaire, who, after the manner of Walpole and other English gentlemen he knew, lived in the country and devoted himself to the welfare of his tenants, was alone of his kind; and who knows whether he would have been so ambitious of playing the part of "un grand seigneur campagnard" if he had found it consistent with safety to reside in Paris?

Old England is no longer an unknown land for the French. It is not only the land where we come to rediscover our past, it is also the land of our brothers-in-arms. The descendants of those ancient lords and squires, together with their tenants, have now freely shed their blood on the plains of Flanders and Picardy, battling by the side of the sons of their "old, sweet enemy." Henceforth

we need no longer wish, as in the concluding scene of "King Henry V,"

That never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

In hundreds of military graveyards close to the battlefields of this great war tens of thousands of little crosses mark the places where English and French soldiers now sleep side by side. A glorious, fitting motto for the more lasting monument of eternal love and gratitude which will some day be erected to these heroes of two great nations who have died for right and liberty is found on the battlefield of Hastings. It is that Norman motto which is inscribed on the monument of "The Two Normandies," both prayer and battle-cry: *Diex ait*—"God will help."

WHAT IS ENGLAND?

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM.

IT is said that out in the trenches the men feel more for England than at home. England becomes pure gold there. Men who never thought two thoughts about their native land, "the accident of their birth" as they were wont to call it, now meditate lovingly on England, yearn passionately for her, think of her in their new-said prayers. And the man back with shock or invalidated from the hospital cannot drink in sufficiently the loveliness of our countryside. You hear hard, prosaically minded men exclaiming "How beautiful it is; after all, it is worth fighting for, dying for! We must keep it inviolate." To such England has, for the time being, become a religion, a faith, the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen.

On the other hand, England is "Blighty," it is the *John Bull* newspaper, it is Piccadilly or Leicester Square, it is the song of the banjo and the lights o' London, it is "all that ever went with evening dress." "Oh, my boys," says a Canadian, "when there is peace won't we lift the lid off of the old town that night!" And yet

If England was what England seems
And not the England of our dreams,
How quick we'd chuck her—

as Kipling's soldier says. The Old Country, they say, is rotten at the core, it is governed "by a set of unprincipled lawyers," its public life is sham and humbug. And even they who say this go to die; no, not for it, but for humanity; in any case, for something bigger and wider than the mere nation or country England (*sic*). They would rather confess to be dying for Germany's sake than for England's. Another set of our people ridicule their own country and ask after each muddle and failure in organisation, "Isn't it *us* all over? Isn't it

England's awful way of doing business?
She would serve her God or Gordon just the same—"

At lunch or dinner in London the latest story of our unpractical way is told, and people ask, turning up their eyes, "Isn't it too funny for words?" or "Wouldn't it be ludicrous if it weren't so tragic?" And a newspaper poster indicated the attitude this summer with the words "Poor, funny England!" A gulf between that and such soul-stirring lines as

Mother of ships whose might
Is the fierce old seas' delight.
England, my England.

Not like the stately Tennysonian:

Statesmen at her councils met
Who knew the season when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.

And if our own people have these varying notions of what England is, foreigners vary no less in their estimate. They have not, indeed, our intimate knowledge of certain details—they cannot be knowing in our presence. But they have a general notion which it is difficult for us to obtain because we cannot look on England subjectively. We *are* England, and it is difficult to get away and see ourselves in true perspective. One who is not English is much more ready with a generalisation about England than we are ourselves. The foreigner's generalisation may be wrong, but he comes to it comparatively quickly and, having obtained it, is loth to part with it. The *perfidie Albion* of the French, the *hitria*

Anglia of the Russian were rapidly obtained political generalisation, and wrong, of course. We are not and never have been perfidious, though we may have seemed so. We are not crafty as the Russian thought; rather, on the contrary, stupid. That is why we have always been wanting to quarrel with him in the past, and only now have learned to be friends with him.

True, during the last twenty years or so there has been no suggestion of *perfidie Albion* or *hitria Anglia*, and we have been regarded in a more friendly spirit in Europe. The conception of the Englishman as a sportsman has made its way. The Englishman as a gentleman has also made its way, by "gentleman" meaning one who was always well dressed. In Russia they use our word, and say he was a perfect "dzhentleman," meaning he was well dressed in the European style, had correct manners and did the right thing. There is a widespread idea that the English are rich, silent, hard-headed; that we are all business people, very shrewd and generally trustworthy. We are not known as a literary and artistic people, or as much interested in religion. We are generally put down as of a cold Protestant type. Almost all Europe has babbled that we were hypocrites, that we pretended to be virtuous, upright, pure in our family life, to have a rising generation of clean-minded young men, and so forth; whereas, in reality, we were no better than the more shameless people of Paris, Berlin, Rome and Petrograd. How often has one listened to this generalisation in foreign hotels. And yet it seems to an Englishman that the one thing he abhors is hypocrisy; he will rather seem worse than he is than be thought to be masking anything; will say in this war for instance, "No, I'm not fighting for Belgium or Serbia; I'm fighting for myself. We're fighting to gain Germany's trade."

This last summer I heard of a Russian lady who had read with much satisfaction "The Island Pharisees," which has been appearing in translation in the *Russkaya Misl*. She had always thought that the English were hypocrites, and was glad to see it set out so well by an Englishman himself.

Well, there is considerable danger in forming one's opinions of a nation by its current literature. For moments we might give our assent to the proposition that, for instance, "The New Machiavelli" was England of to-day, or "The Man of Property," or "The Regent," or "The Everlasting Mercy"; but giving any one of them to someone who was not English, one would cry out in alarm: "Good heavens! Do not judge us by these things; we are better than that, bigger than that." And then one returns to the consideration of these volumes, and understands that they are only partial efforts within England and have no epical quality. One sonnet of a modest Rupert Brooke is worth them all. George Meredith is said to have called Gray's *Elegy* an undertaker's march. Still, from a national point of view, Gray's *Elegy* is worth the whole of George Meredith's works, prose and poetry together. Shaw spent a good deal of time and energy trying to discredit Shakespeare. But Shakespeare is a surer key to the spirit of contemporary England and eternal England than the whole of Shaw's current dramas perched on their prefaces like early Christians on columns.

England is the substance of poetry, and only in poetry may the spirit of England be discerned, poetry that is written and poetry that is lived. Not every man who goes

to fight in France is England, but every tenth or twentieth man is St. George himself from top to toe. There is a crowd at the promenade of the music hall, there is a crush of khaki in the public-house, but England is not there. There are foul language and evil conceptions of manners and bad jokes all the way from Land's End to the Somme, and society gatherings in London where women gossip and pull reputations to bits, and there are commercial rampages and profiteerings and tub thumpers galore. But England is behind and beyond all these things in the quiet country that the wounded soldier loves when he comes back, and in the quiet, serene hearts of our gentlemen and gentlewomen.

A Russian journalist was much surprised to come to the conclusion that Sir Edward Grey was a simple gentleman who always told the truth and loved best of all to be fishing in his North Country streams. It was a revelation to him. A diplomat was always someone who was most profound, mysterious and lying—a man who always considered what would be most useful to say, not what was the simple truth to say. "The Germans," he remarked, "were terribly deceived by this policy of childlike simplicity, good faith and true, sincere manners, and they are so still." Evidently this Russian got a glimpse of the real England there.

GERMAN PRISONERS & FARM WORK



HAYMAKING.

AMONG other things said by Mr. Acland in answer to Captain Bathurst's query about what the Government were doing in regard to home food production was the statement that at length arrangements are being made to employ German prisoners on the land. A new proposal has evidently been drawn up, and Mr. Acland said the previous conditions as to various numbers have been withdrawn. That apparently gets rid of one difficulty, although it would have been well for the Under-Secretary to be more explicit. He does not withdraw the condition that farmers should be responsible for the custody of the prisoners engaged by them, although it has been unofficially stated that this no longer holds. Farmers would not accept assistance on such terms, and such of them as we have talked with express the greatest dislike to having enemy prisoners on their farms. From

Mr. Acland's remarks it may be surmised that he is not aware of the strength of this feeling. He is reported as saying that the employment of prisoners is being pressed forward very actively, and "it is hoped through local agencies to bring pressure on any farmers who may not be willing to employ this or other available types of labour." We do not like the phraseology. Bringing pressure to bear upon the farmers is not the way to remove a very natural prejudice. Mr. Acland should read now, if he has not done so before, the excellent account which M. André Aron gave of German prisoners in France in our issue of November 18th. France at the outbreak of war was in a more serious condition than we were, since before the harvest had got thoroughly under way the young men were automatically taken from the fields for the ranks, and it was necessary to use every available artisan and mechanic in the factories. That



HOEING MANGOLDS.

was how the first French munitions were made. M. Aron says: "The armies which are now fighting at Verdun and on the Somme are chiefly composed of farmers. Thus only women, old men and children were left to handle the plough, make the hay and win the harvest. It did not take long, however, for the military authorities to feel the need of utilising its 'imprisoned activity.' The farming people at first had the same repugnance that they have in Great Britain to the employment of Germans. However, the Administration tactfully assumed the lead. The prefects of certain villages accepted some batches of prisoners and very favourable terms were offered to contractors to use them for large schemes of drainage, reclamation and agricultural improvements in Corsica and Brittany. In every country except Britain where there are prisoners they have been utilised for reclamation. But this is a subject on which our Parliament is very ill informed. It came up before the committee which was arranging a



IN THE HARVEST FIELD.



ROAD MAKING.

plan for soldiers' settlements, but in a form that bespoke a lamentable ignorance on the part of those who brought together the witnesses. Nobody actually engaged in reclamation was called, and while there was some vague discussion about what had been done in Belgium and Holland, the easily obtained facts and figures no one seems to have thought about. But it would be well to start on some large scheme like this so as to accustom the prisoners to work under military control and to show that their services can be profitably utilised. That would be better than bringing pressure to bear on the farmers, at any rate. About the result, M. Aron says, "To-day it may safely be said there is not a single German prisoner who is not contributing actively towards the maintenance of the



FRITZ, HAPPY IN THE LAND HE CAME TO CONQUER.

country." At first it was thought, as it is being thought in England just now, that there would have to be gangs of fifty, so as to facilitate their custody, but experience showed that Fritz was not animated with any very hot zeal for escaping back to the trenches. In fact, he showed a decided preference to work in the fields. It only wants a little tact in words and action to reconcile British farmers with the idea. They are raising many objections just now which would not hold in practice. A chief one is that of lodging the captives. But this surely is no insuperable obstacle. The men would be sent out in companies, say, of fifty, and these companies would at the beginning, at any rate, be best lodged in a common centre. There are many buildings in the country which could be utilised. Some of the huts put up for the soldiers when they were training are no longer needed, and there are still old barns and other buildings which could easily provide sleeping place for fifty men and their guards. During the day they could be sent out in squads to suit the necessities of the district. At one farm more, at another less, would be required and, of course, much would depend on the qualification of the particular prisoner. A large proportion of these men were employed on the little farms in East Prussia and elsewhere, and are as much at home with agricultural machinery as a similar class in our own country.

They would, no doubt, much prefer to work and make, even save, a little money to living an idle and frequently miserable life in a camp or other place of captivity. It is to be hoped that Mr. Acland, when next questioned on the subject, will be able to say, not that arrangements are being made, but that arrangements have been made, for labour is urgently and immediately required.

Climate in this country has a way of keeping to its average. After prolonged wet weather it is fairly safe to expect a dry period, and if that dry period should continue during the present month as it has begun, a good deal could be done to rectify that backwardness in cultivation which Mr. Acland adduces as his reason for making "a very special effort" to maintain home food production. One thing which has to be reckoned with is that English land in war time has been allowed to relapse into an exceedingly foul condition. Never in the memory of the village patriarch have weeds been allowed to grow and riot as they did last summer. In winter they are not so conspicuous to the eye, because the frost brings a period to their growth, but the soil is full of their roots and seeds. It will take all the prisoners, as well as all the old men, women and children at our disposal, to get the land sufficiently clear of weeds to make a decent showing next harvest.

THE USE OF WEALTH IN ENGLAND AND GERMANY

BY SIGNOR BONAVIA.

THE ever-growing prosperity of Germany during the last forty years brought into the country unprecedented wealth, and it is now generally admitted that this very wealth has been to a large extent responsible for the present war; it is also an unanswerable argument to the German claim to "a place in the sun." Surely their boasts, present and past, prove clearly enough that they had as much of the good things of life—as much and more than most nations. Their claim to the mouth of the Scheldt, their pretence of insecurity within their frontiers are arguments which resemble in every way the sophistries of the wolf casting eyes on the lamb. If they complain that they are now surrounded by enemies, it was always possible for them before the war to turn their enemies into friends—possibly that was their intention when they sprang the present war upon Europe, for they still think that the best means to make friends of their neighbours is to rob them of a province or two. Yet whoever said that the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine would mean the eternal enmity of France saw further into the future than Bismarck.

Wealth fertilised national prejudices instead of checking them; it taught Germany to increase its appetites, not to control them. For many a year observers have noted the unsatisfied longing, the moral anarchy which the Government did not attempt to control, but to feed and strengthen, hoping eventually to turn it to the purpose of conquest. It is reflected in art as clearly as it is in politics. To take only one of many examples, "The Legend of Joseph," by Richard Strauss, is typical of the aberration of all healthy instincts. The usual and necessary food of art seems to have lost its attraction. Composer and author are no longer satisfied with a tale, the "passions" of men and women, with a great mystery or a tangled problem of life. They turn restlessly from one object to another; they sample one motive after another, taking of each as little as they needs must. They range from a Biblical story to eighteenth century Germany (the opening theme of the Legend is distinctly reminiscent of Haydn); they borrow a Paolo Veronese setting taken from mediæval Italy, the boxers and dancers from the age of slaves; the appearance of the angel might have been taken direct from a mystery play and the costumes copied from a Futurist drawing. Thus they amass effect upon effect, and when the world remains sceptical and unimpressed, they protest that no one has yet sounded the bottom of their intentions. To this the only answer is that a work of art is judged not by the intentions of its authors, but by the degree in which it stimulates and exalts the imagination of those who behold it. A work like "The Legend of Joseph" would be inconceivable in a country where wealth was not abundant. It is probably the most expensive theatrical production in existence. It is a riot of promiscuous art; music, dancing, painting and a certain form of literature do not combine but vie with each other in extravagant and unruly ostentation. One feels the surfeit of undigested good things,

just as the unhealthy seedy products of Wedekind are not so much a desire for new things as an appetite glutted with every natural and healthy food. The impression one has is that of the *nouveau riche* who, unaware of the fact that the use of wealth is not only self-satisfaction, has cloyed his palate with every dainty in existence and now concocts the most appalling beverages in the vain hope of enjoying once more the legitimate pleasure which he once had in satisfying natural needs.

Indeed, the control of wealth is not easier for the individual than it is for the nation. The case of Wedekind is even more to the point than that of Strauss, for a musician's horizon is necessarily bound by certain limitations. Try as he may, his art can never have the national importance, the logical point of literature, nor even of painting. When Strauss passed from one form to another, from the sonata to the symphonic poem, from the symphonic poem to the opera, one saw in it no more than the legitimate desire to test the whole range of music. No such excuse can be found for the Wedekinds, who, if they had the genius, could transfigure and fix for ever in a perfect form all types of human experience, yet deliberately choose the lowest and most abnormal, and strip even those of any redeeming features that they might have in nature.

Some apology can, perhaps, be found for the enormities perpetrated by German sculptors, since Germany never had a sculptor worth his salt; but the appalling blocks of houses, which copy the worst features of the hotel and public house, are another example of the misuse of the power given by wealth. They force the conviction upon us that these men had material not moral power. They had straw and mortar in abundance, but they did not know how to mix them.

Ultra Modernists in other countries have also been guilty of exaggeration, but the causes that sent Mr. Marinetti and his followers, for instance, to Futurism were very different from those that sent Strauss and his Austrian librettist to "The Legend of Joseph." The Futurist wanted a clear way for evolution and, not finding it, decided on revolution. "The Legend of Joseph," like "Elektra," is a deliberate return to the old, in the hope that, by accumulating modern means and effects, these stories could be made to yield a heightened flavour. As for the State use of wealth in Germany, it is hardly necessary to point out at this stage of affairs that the chief preoccupation of the Government was the creation and the maintenance of an all-powerful army, so that, when the time came, they might attack one nation, complaining that they had not enough sea for their land, and begin again at some later period pleading the need of more land for their sea. No doubt their social schemes embraced other plans for satisfying in some way the needs and whatever ambitions the people might have. Perhaps it was even thought that the cult of militarism might be an efficient antidote to the degenerating effects new wealth must have. Of course, there could be no greater fallacy than this. To reduce the soldier to the level of one who fights well for any cause is to reduce him to the rank of the professional bully.

In a way, the mistake which led the Germans to believe in the degeneration of the British Empire was, considering their way of thinking, natural enough. They knew that England was rich, they knew that England was not a militarist nation, they saw the effect of wealth in their own country, and came to the conclusion that England, not having the antidote and cure for all evils of a powerful military caste, must suffer doubly. They thought that any nation having reached the climax of its power must decline and make room for "younger" energies. And the German has always found it fatally easy to deceive himself. They misread the anxieties of successive Governments to secure more elastic relations between capital and labour into a successful attempt to give to the majority a maximum of ease and a minimum of work. As a matter of fact, wealth, and still more the successful bridging of the chasm which separates the very rich from the very poor, is due as much to the natural instinct for justice and fairness of the English nation as to wise laws. This remarkable phenomenon—wealth that does not taint the nation, nor intoxicate its possessor—is due to the large dose of common sense, of tact and practical wisdom which the English nation possesses in a higher degree than any other.

He who possesses wealth without the knowledge of its limitations is not only a useless member of society, but a very positive danger. The war more than anything else has shown the worth of those who in other times controlled the wealth of this country. If men had been taught then to worship pleasure above all things, if self-satisfaction had been pointed out as the ultimate end of human existence, the millions of volunteers who took the rifle offered them, the no less wonderful unanimity of the nation and its willingness to give all, to stake life and possessions on the struggle, could not have been possible. Germany trained her men in the cult of self-satisfaction in the hope that this might be gratified at the expense of somebody else, but if Germany had asked for volunteers when things began to go badly she would not have had half the number who streamed to the Colours in England moved by the knowledge that their country needed them. Great wealth, which is supposed to be a disintegrating element in society, has made it possible for a vast Empire to strike with united force, tightening the bonds and showing the same indomitable spirit that was shown in other days when beacons, not searchlights, warned the country of approaching danger.

ENGLAND AND BELGIUM

BY MONSIEUR E. VANDERVELDE, BELGIAN MINISTER OF STATE.

SOME time ago I found myself at the front. As night fell some khaki-clad soldiers were chatting round the fire, with their backs towards me. They were speaking English, so at first I took them to be English and asked myself what they were doing in the Belgian lines. But on looking closer I saw our tricolour cockade in their caps. They were Belgians, Flemings. If they were speaking English, it was only for exercise in the language, so as to be the better able to chat with their English friends when they should cross the Channel on leave.

This is not an isolated fact. Thousands of Belgian soldiers, especially those of Flanders, have learned English during the war out of sheer friendliness. They read the London papers; they carry a dictionary in their pocket; they cherish a tender memory of the first words exchanged with their brothers-in-arms from Great Britain, at Antwerp, on the Yser, in the hospitals when they were wounded, in the music-halls when British hospitality fêted our men on leave so cordially.

Between the spirit of Belgium and the spirit of England there are many things in common, many elective affinities. Certainly at first sight differences meet the eye and the contrast is striking; for example, between British smartness and the happy-go-lucky-ness, not to say untidiness, of the Belgians. But at bottom these are men more or less of the same race—with the same qualities of practical sense, persevering energy and also the same individuality, the same aversion for the army-like discipline of the Prussian, the same love of liberty and personal independence.

What strikes us first about the Englishman is his reserve and his shyness, or what others wrongly take to be his arrogance. But once the ice is broken and an understanding established, it is not long before a very warm and deep sympathy is blended with the grateful admiration which we already have for a great people.

Those in Europe who can only truly admire the personal power, the domineering spirit, the "right-is-might" attitude, can never sufficiently eulogise and admire German organisation. I myself will take care not to undervalue this organisation, nor do I pretend that we have nothing to learn from it. But I do dare to say that this war has brought to the surface something even more admirable than the automatic and heavy-handed German organisation—that is the English organisation, so free, so spontaneous, and—in spite of its slowness, its complications, its weaknesses—so marvellously efficient. Let us just think for an instant of what the strength of Great Britain consisted at the moment when England declared war on Germany in defence of Belgium, whose interests were so interwoven with her own. Protected by her fleet, she was impregnable as long as she remained at home. But to conquer, to save the liberties of Europe and the world, she had to set foot on the Continent. What provision had she for such a task? An Expeditionary Force of from 80,000 to 100,000 men—magnificent soldiers assuredly, but soldiers of whom Maréchal Bugeaud said, at the time when France and England were hostile to each

other, "They are the finest soldiers in the world; happily there are not many of them."

It took two years to change all this, so that the heroes of Mons could be reinforced, or replaced, by 4,000,000 men, and many times during these two years full of danger and anguish have we restrained our impatience and dissembled our uneasiness. But to-day the result is achieved, and it is a formidable result. It is not only with her Navy or with her *cavalerie de Saint Georges* that Great Britain backed by her Colonies has thrown herself in the balance of destiny. It is with an Army powerfully armed, marvellously equipped, the Army which has recently proved itself on the Somme, and whose existence side by side with the splendid French Army is the certain guarantee of final victory.

Someone said at the time of the Napoleonic wars, "We English lose every battle except the last." The saying is certainly no longer true to-day, for the English have fought on the Marne, they have stopped the advance of the enemy at Ypres, and have won the day at Thiepval, and not yet are we in sight of the last battle. Nevertheless, there is a grain of truth in the saying. Great Britain, profoundly peace-loving, conscious of the protection afforded by her insular situation, has taken longer than France, for example, to put herself on a war footing, to bring all her strength into play, to call forth her armies from the land, to create the gigantic machinery for the manufacture of guns and munitions. But at the time when others had given their utmost effort, had brought out every reserve, had resorted to every expedient to maintain their efficiency, to face their financial responsibilities—then only did the British Colossus begin to display herself fully. And without damaging any of her Allies who had done with their own personal genius all that was humanly possible for the common cause, it is only just to say that, thanks to them—the British—the last battle of this war will without doubt be a victorious battle.

Often while writing these lines I recall our unspeakable agony when on August 4th, 1914, having made appeal to our guarantors for the defence of Belgium against German invasion, we awaited England's reply. When it came we experienced an inexpressible relief. Once more England had risen in the defence of liberty and in conflict against Cæsarism. The final issue of the war was decided by this fact. We shall have to suffer, we shall have to have patience and endurance; but Belgium will not die. Soon or late she will hear the hour of redemption strike. Everything that England has done since then has only served to increase our debt of gratitude towards them: she has sheltered our refugees, she has cared for our wounded, she has very largely contributed to the feeding of the occupied parts of Belgium, acting with France and Russia she has made it possible to reorganise the Belgian Army and to continue our governmental life, she has succoured us in the hour of danger, she has sustained us in the hour of trial, she has helped us to recover our "place in the sun" and to build up again a Free Belgium in a freed Europe. With all our hearts we thank her.



BEYOND MONEY AND JOURNALISM

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE SPIRITUAL LIFE IN BRITAIN

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I.

EVERYTHING is colourless where God is absent. It is a waste of time to create art and literature, education and politics, trade and industry without God. Without God all things are equally great and small, beautiful and ugly, sleepy and desperate, like things in the dark night without a star. In the dark midnight what is the difference between the Alps and the Rhone Valley, or between the green Russian Steppes and the grey deserts of Arizona, or between Napoleon and any insect in the air?

Nothing.

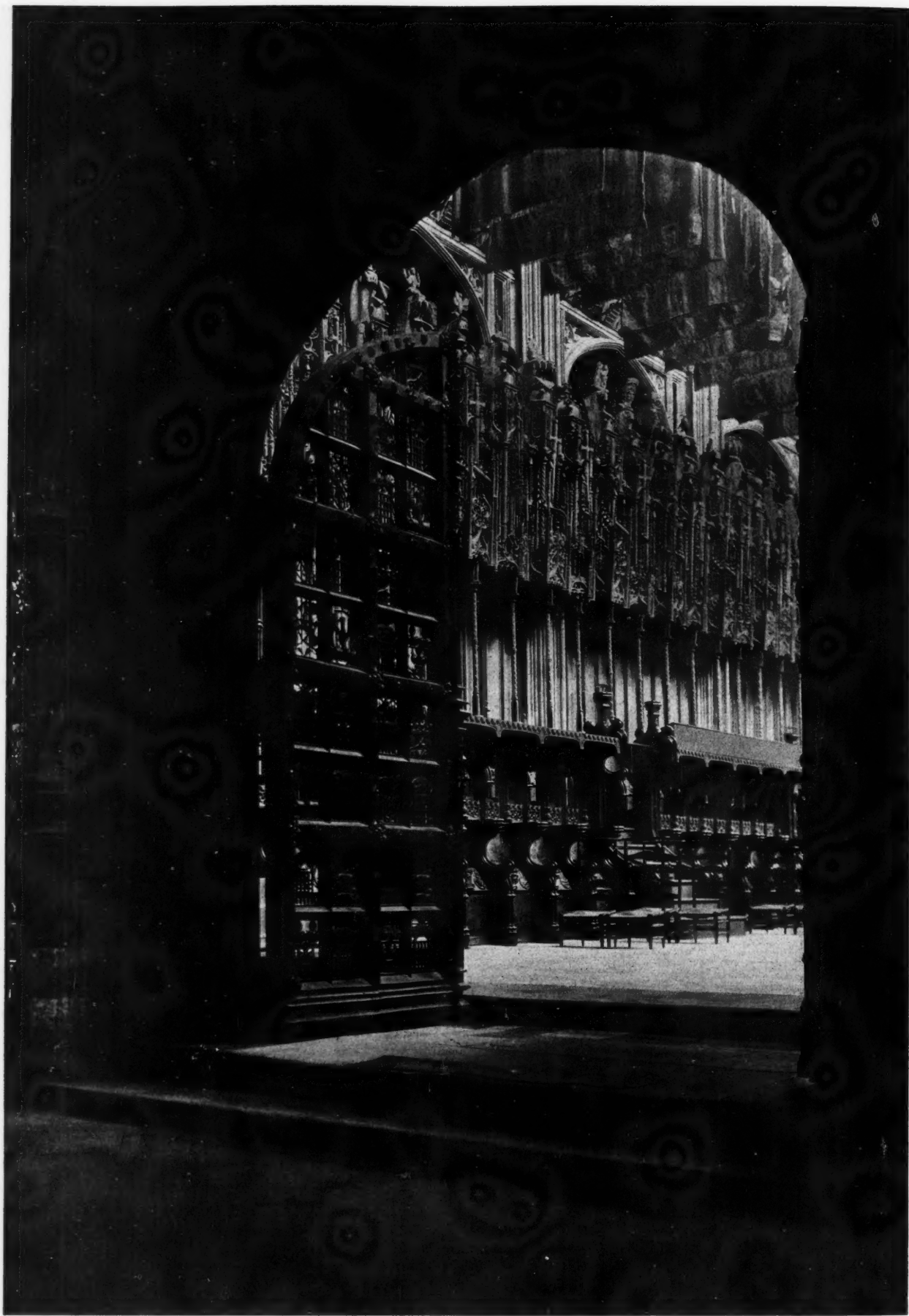
Nothing survives except what is religious. The religious is the fittest. If you kill a brutal giant, nothing survives of him any more than of a big reptile; if you kill a tiny saint, thousands of years will enshrine his glory and echo his name and life. Saint Paul was a tiny, short-sighted, uneloquent and bald organism. You know a great deal about Saint Paul, my boy, don't you? But what do you know about the gigantic, ox-eyed and lion-muscled gladiators of the Colosseum? Not even the names! Now, come quickly through the Strand, stop in the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, and think over again and again what means the fittest. If you have any prejudices, go first to the Zoo and leave them there. Nothing in London is so fit as Saint Paul, the Apostle; nothing so old, not'ing so fresh, nothing so beyond the present time, beyond the Strand, with all its banks and newspapers and hotels and chats and controversies. And Saint Paul lived nineteen hundred years ago.

Religion gives colour to London as to any other place in the world, and to British history as to any other history. Take away from London everything that means religion, and you will have only a sad and colourless mass of bricks and flesh: take away the spiritual struggle for centuries on these islands,

and you will take out the very heart of a living organism, and only the bare skeleton will remain. A good thing long possessed seems to be no good at all. Who would think that to have two hands means a special good, except a fighter with a hand cut off? For a thousand years Westminster Abbey has looked down on the transitory generations of London. There are a few new eyes which look at this Abbey as at a specially good thing. But supposing a wizard from "The Arabian Nights" were to transform the Abbey into a cloud and the cloud melted away, how much poorer would London feel after such a deprivation! Now, supposing all the churches and temples in London instantly disappeared, think! Moreover, were all the cathedrals, churches and sanctuaries over the country to disappear, with all religious institutions! And, moreover, all religious art and literature, all the religious movements and events in history, all the religious thought and feeling of the whole nation during the last fifteen hundred years—were all that to disappear suddenly? What an emptiness, what a nothingness, and, finally, what an absurdity would human life be on these isles! Religion gave fulness to this nation, fulness and vigour, tragic force and chance. And what was in the beginning is still now: religion, yes, religion after all and above all is the soul of this nation.

II.

Great Britain is the only industrial country where industry and religion are friends. In the German Parliament there are nearly one hundred representatives of the industrial classes, all Atheists. In history scarcely one representative body of a nation had so many Atheists. To be Socialistic meant in Germany, as a rule, to be Atheistic. The small body of so-called Christian Socialists has been insignificant.

*F. H. Evans.*

WESTMINSTER ABBEY: LOOKING INTO HENRY VII'S CHAPEL.

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Russia is a strongly religious country. But Russia is not an industrial country. The bulk of the Russian people, living by agriculture, are in continual touch with Nature; and this touch with Nature inspires and strengthens and vivifies the religious dispositions of man more than anything else. It is as difficult to find an Atheist among pastoral and farming people as it is easy to find him among the coal miners and

Well, generally speaking, we can say that British industry is not colourless, *i.e.*, not without God. British Atheism, if there is any, is silent and unaggressive. The burden of Atheism is a very heavy one. It is better to bear it in silence than with outcry and insult—always the British way of suffering.

The extremities of Europe—Russia and Great Britain—represent two praying countries. The most striking feature



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THE NAVE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY: LOOKING WESTWARD.

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iron-workers. Industry seems to be an inhospitable home for religion. Industry and big towns seclude a man from living and harmonious Nature, from God's works, God's immediate witnesses, and keep him in a misty surrounding of men's works, the witnesses of men's cleverness. Rural life, with its wide and clear horizon, leads to humility before God. Industry, with its narrow horizon, leads to pride.

of human life on earth is undoubtedly prayer. The sincere and concentrated prayer is equal to the best deed of self-sacrifice. Some people prefer to do than to pray. Kant scorned prayer, and the Germans did not scorn Kant. Scarcity of prayer, abundance of war!

I happened to stay in Scotland with a professor of anatomy and with another of botany and with another of mathematics.

They prayed in the morning and before every meal unfailingly, and they went to church on Sundays. The professors in Cambridge and Oxford pray with the students and sing hymns and psalms. The wealthy country people, with whom I stayed sometimes, used to summon all the servants before breakfast to pray. The working people come in the afternoon in hundreds to the churches or halls, where they sing and pray. London is filled with public and private worship on Sundays. All that—very usual in this country—looks very strange to a Continental observer.

I know the Bishop of London still complains. He is right because he compares reality with ideal. But when we compare reality with realities, Great Britain and Russia with the rest of Europe, the British Bishops should be comforted. Yet, they are right comparing reality with ideal: Great Britain has not to look sideways or backward, but forward. She is always required by God and mankind to set a good example to other nations. Example in piety is the most difficult as well as the most needed.

III.

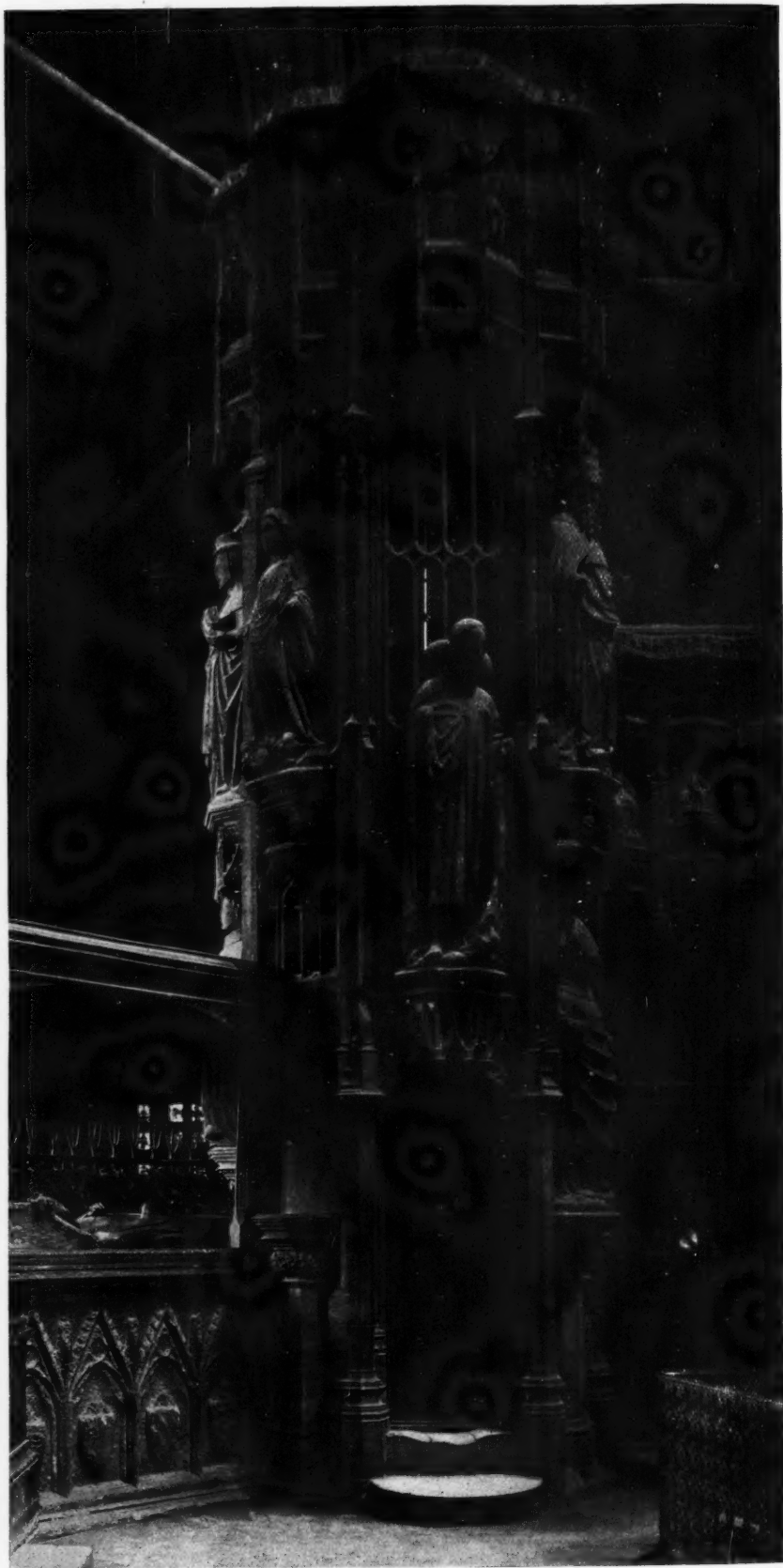
How many churches are there in the United Kingdom? According to their differences it is difficult to number them; but according to their fruit there is only one Church, the Christian. If you put the temptation to sin before a member of the High Church, and one of the Church of Scotland, and one of the Roman Catholic, and one of the Wesleyan, you cannot be sure—judging by their religious theories—which of them will sin first and which last. The same if you put them before a necessary sacrifice, or self-sacrifice for a great and sacred cause, you will not be sure at all who will be the first and who the last in heroism.

Well, the best way of appreciating or judging the churches of this country—at least for a foreigner—is to take the evangelical advice concerning the good fruits. This measure will not fail to show that the different branches of the same Christian tree are in proportion equally fruitful. The present war has shown it best. All the churches have done, and are still doing, a quite wonderful work. The controversies and struggles about church truth during many centuries have at last resulted in the consciousness of all the churches that they must show their truth, their Christianity, by their works. So the long competition of words has resulted in a noble competition of deeds. And the times of eloquent controversies and advocacies are dwindling away. The churches are becoming more silent, but more busy. The union of all the churches is in sight. The dismembering process in the Western Church is evidently now at its end. It has not been useless up to this war, but the continuation of it in the future would be a crime. The Eastern Church, united in faith and disunited in fate, is waiting, with her wounds and visions, the moment when the Western Churches, reconciled in Christ and united in the Holy Spirit, will be prepared for the Great Union.

IV.

What is of no good? Proselytism. It exposes Christianity to ridicule; and that is harmful. Harmless, but ridiculous, is the personal conversion from one church to another, since all the churches have such a large deposit of faith in

common, that a man following even the most radical *Credo* of a church can be in necessary union with Christ. One cannot help laughing when one reads the "tragical" literature of the converts from one church to another. Say a gentleman believed in Christ for fifty years and worshipped Him according to the Roman rite, and after fifty years finds that he cannot be saved if he does not worship Christ according to the Anglican, or Presbyterian, or Eastern rite, or *vice versâ*. Then he writes a book *apologia pro religione mea*, and you read, and wonder whether he was perhaps a Mahomedan or a Shamait before he started to go from one church to the church next door.



F. H. Evans. IN THE CONFESSOR'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER.

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It reminds one very much of the Shahites and Sunites in Islam. We Christians make fun of the Islamic sects and divisions, and yet we have followed their example precisely. We in the Eastern Church are sceptical (not to say contemptuous) both towards those who run away from our church to another and those who are "converted" from another Christian community to ours. Of course, a transition from Islam to Christianity and *vice versa* involves a real and unaffected internal drama of human feeling.

V.

"At the front there is little talk about churches and much about Christianity." I heard this remark one day in Edinburgh from a very distinguished clergyman. I feel the same in England, behind the front. People are very eager in these dark days to talk of the common ground of faith. No one likes to talk of the church differences. Thousands are being converted during this war from Indifference and Agnosticism (two numerous "churches" in peace time) to the Christian belief. That is the real and only needed conversion among the Christians themselves.

Still, I like the differences of the Christian churches very much. They attract me as different colours of the same stuff, or as different costumes of the same body, or as different bodies with the same spirit. Variety is natural law and natural beauty. To unite the churches is a godlike idea, but to make them uniform is a godless idea.

It is a special merit of the Church of England to cultivate very cordial relations with the Church of Russia. I do not see any movement at the present time making so deeply for a solid world peace in the future as the Anglo-Russian spiritual movement for church union. A solid peace is only Christ's peace, based upon Christ and inspired by Christ. Peace founded upon a sole political or economical agreement is nothing more than an armistice. That is the present vision of two sister churches in England and Russia.

The present trial and suffering make for union in the church everywhere. We are glad to hear that the Presbyterian Churches

in Scotland are longing and working for an agreement among themselves. It is a good thing, which can only brighten and strengthen our hopes for the future of Christianity.

Now is the very time when we all are called to look to all the Christian churches with love and appreciation. There is so much truth and beauty in every church. We are not responsible for having been born in this or that church, but we are responsible if we are blind to the truth and beauty of other churches.

After all, the centre of spiritual life, I mean the true mystical, religious life in England as elsewhere, is the Holy Catholic Church. There are many very spiritual men and women standing outside all the churches; but even if they were Emerson and Strindberg, they are not nearly such a powerful spiritual fire as the Christian Church. Neither have these outsiders the authority of the Church, nor number, nor such an elaborate art, nor such an intimate knowledge of the human soul, sorrows and longings. The Church accumulated all that through centuries and centuries; and when united in spirit and love, the Christian Church will be a quite new and overwhelming force in human history, a purely spiritual force—yea, a new Revelation of God to men.

VI.

Religion in England to-day is the soul of England, as always in bygone times. God is the principal preoccupation of men, more now than ever before on these misty isles. A foreigner is often deceived by outward appearances. Many and many beauties of British nature are veiled from a foreigner's eyes by smoke and mist. But who sees Great Britain behind this veil must confess it is a beautiful country. In the same way many a foreigner was deceived in regard to the soul of these islanders. He saw their trade, industry, money, journalism, sport, their cold and reserved observations of men and things. But that was only a veil. Behind this veil, like behind a thick mist, there abides the soul of Great Britain, full of religion, full of longings after God.

CORRESPONDENCE

WHAT CAN WE DO WITH FAILING SEEDS LEYS?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This question is of much importance on farms where the seeds ley is now looking poor and promises very indifferently for next season. The failure may be due to a variety of causes. Sometimes the land lacks lime or chalk, sometimes it has lain too wet, and sometimes the corn crop last season grew so densely that the young clover became crowded out. From whatever cause it arises, the result is that the ley is now looking very patchy.

In these circumstances what can be done? There are two or three possibilities. If a mixture of rye grass and clover has been sown, it is possible that the grass is all right and only the clover weak. In that case the whole may be left till spring, and, if the clover is still poor, the ley may receive a nitrogenous fertiliser so as to secure at any rate a big grass crop. If the ley is pure clover, there is in some districts the possibility of mending it with trifolium, a crop that has the enormous advantage from the farmer's point of view of liking a firm seed-bed, so that it can be used for this purpose very well. Unfortunately, it does not easily stand the winter. We mended a ley with it this autumn and the young plant came up splendidly, only to die, however, when the rain and frosts of early November set in.

Where mending is obviously not going to succeed, the only plan is the heroic one of ploughing up the ley and putting in another crop. To leave the ley in the hope that it may somehow improve only means masses of weeds that will give no end of trouble next year and the year after. It is much better ploughed up, and this course is made the easier because the land is less difficult to plough than most, being kept dry by the growth of the vegetation. On the other hand, breaking up the ley throws out the rotation. Years ago this would have been thought a hopelessly wrong thing to do; but ideas are changing, and many good farmers now are ready to break a rotation whenever it suits them to do so. Ploughing up a seeds ley may mean growing three corn crops in succession, but that after all is not a very serious matter. Wheat has been grown on the Broadbalk field at Rothamsted for seventy-three years in succession, and it shows no signs of failure. Two things need attention: weeds must be kept down and spring dressings of nitrogenous manure must be given. At present prices both are profitable; spring dressings present no difficulty, but weeding does. Let us hope that women and children will be found able and willing to remove this.—E. J. RUSSELL.

SURREY AS AN ORCHID COUNTY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In respect to enquiries raised in letters in COUNTRY LIFE, the under-mentioned varieties have been noted on my Gatton Estate: *Neotida nidus* avis, *Epipactis media*, *Cephalanthera grandiflora*, *Aura anthropophora*, *Orchis militaris*, *O. pyramidalis*, *O. maculata*, *O. apifera*, *Lasia ovator*, *Habenaria conopsis* and *Orchis muscifera*.—JEREMIAH COLMAN.

WHAT IS THE DANISH SYSTEM OF FARMING?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in your article on the Berkshire Down Farm. The article has given rise to very wide discussion, and we all congratulate you for drawing our attention to what can be done on down land as exemplified at Poverty Bottom, and it shows the possibilities of revolution in farming. I think many of your readers would be interested if you would give a short account of what is the meaning of "the Danish system of farming." It is, I take it, similar to that used in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany—practically intensive culture. A short synopsis of what this system of farming means would be most interesting.—H. E.

[It is difficult to compress a farming treatise into a paragraph, and the Danish system of farming is a phrase used for convenience sake to describe the operations at Wantage Manor Farm. Its characteristics are intensive dairying, by using arable instead of pasture to produce fodder; an intelligent and liberal use of artificial manures, such as basic slag and sulphate of ammonia; and the employment of an overseer who has made a study of the nature and constituents of the soil, such a man, in fact, as you would scarcely find in Great Britain outside the walls of an agricultural college, where, whatever may have been his original bent, he is almost certain to become too bookish and theoretical. The Danish manager, described by Mr. Cleghorn in the now famous report, combined in his training work and study in equal degrees.—ED.]

AGRICULTURE IN WAR AND IN PEACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Is the land in Britain ever made to produce even a fair crop either of roots or cereal? Generally speaking, the answer is, No! What does a land expert find in going over estates in all parts of the country? He finds that each district has its own peculiar mode of farming, and when he enquires of a farmer why he does a certain thing in his particular way, the answer is invariably, "My father did it so," or "the man I worked for did it that way." Farmers generally would welcome technical instruction. They have practical knowledge, they know the rotation of cropping followed in their district on the lines of what is known as the custom of the country, but something more is required to get the best out of the man and out of the land. The Board of Agriculture should send lecturers into every part of the country, first getting into touch with agricultural societies. The lectures should be

given in agricultural towns and villages; they must be given in the evening, say, in the school, made attractive by illustrations, and, above all, the lectures must be plain, practical and in language which the people understand. The system of cropping can be varied with advantage in many districts, but they must be done after a careful study of the nature and quality of the soil. What is wanted is more intensive cultivation, that is, by well working and manuring the land; the manuring must be intensive, but judiciously applied. There are hundreds of acres of land all over the country that are used for the purpose of grazing only that will grow wheat and other cereals. If this land was properly cultivated and manured and, where necessary, drained, it would be better for the tenant farmer, better for the land, and, most important of all, better for the nation.

Where does the waste come in? It comes in practically everywhere. There is poor land in every country. Now, this poor land is mostly in grass, because the farmer says it is not worth cultivating. Result: the grass is poor and the land is practically valueless as it does not receive the necessary manure, and in many cases the soil is not suitable for leaving indefinitely without ploughing and re-sowing. In most cases poor land has a fair amount of soil on it that can be made to grow good crops with the aid of lime and manure. The strange thing is that most of the poor land will grow wheat better than any other crop, and if the Government will fix a standard of 35s. a quarter in peace times and 45s. now, all this land can be brought into cultivation and it will give the farmers a good profit for their labour. To begin with, there may have to be a certain amount of compulsion to make the farmers break up this kind of land; it has laid dormant so long that many farmers think it incapable of producing a paying crop. In all that is being said about the cultivation of the land we must not lose sight of the fact that Britain is a great stock rearing country, and if all the good land and a great deal of the rougher hill land was broken up, our beef and mutton would suffer. Hence the necessity for the farmers to receive proper instruction, such as can be given by the expert lecturers suggested, and to have the advantage of expert advice as to the suitability of land for cropping and grazing will be an all round advantage. It will always be necessary for this country to have a large amount of land under grass, but only that which is best suited for that purpose should be used. The war has taught us that it is necessary to produce as many cereal and root crops as possible, but we must do this in proper proportion on the land available and suitable for the purpose. It would never do for us to go wholly in for cropping at the expense of the breeding of horses, cattle and sheep, which is the most lucrative part of farming and at the same time a great part of our national wealth.

The above remarks do not apply to the waste land that is so frequently referred to by the Board of Agriculture and in the Press. I refer to the thousands of acres of land now in the hands of tenant farmers, most of which could immediately be put under the plough if labour and fertilisers can be supplied; indeed, very little fertiliser would be required for the first crop. This land has laid so long in grass that it is practically virgin soil. If the Government will get to work at once, thousands of acres of good wheat-growing land can be broken up and the crops put in for 1917. I suggest the quickest means of dealing with this matter is through land agents in every part of the country; practical men who thoroughly understand their work. No time is to be lost.—E. J. CASTIGLIONE, Edin.burgh.

WHAT IS A HUNTER?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—COUNTRY LIFE has done good service to horse breeding in England by collecting the opinion of practical men on those subjects which are likely to affect the methods of those who breed horses. I think it would be a great help to many of us if you try to obtain an answer to the question, "What is a hunter?" It seems to me that our discussions on horse breeding, and particularly on the raising of a sufficient supply of light horses, are often less fruitful than they might be, because we lack a common ground to start from, and when we write of hunters different men have varying ideas and standards in their thoughts. There is one very simple answer, "A horse that can be hunted." But this is, in truth, no answer at all. A horse may be hunted without being in any sense, from the breeder's point of view, a hunter. If we look back over our own experience we shall find that we have owned and ridden to hounds with more or less success on horses which differ from each other a good deal in looks, manners and type. These horses range from the pure thoroughbred to an animal not very far from a carthorse, and vary in height from 17h. to 14h. 3in. Nevertheless, I think there is in every hunting man's mind an "idea" of a hunter. This "idea" is never perhaps actually realised in the flesh, nevertheless it governs us in our choice of a horse when we are buying, in our mating of sire and dam when we are trying to breed a hunter. The "idea" of a hunter connotes certain qualities: (1) The power to cross a country, (2) to carry 14st. through a run, (3) courage, (4) endurance, (5) temper, (6) balance and (7) a certain symmetry of form. There is no proverb that has done more harm to horse breeding than "they go in all shapes." There may be a certain truth in these words for a rider or a buyer of cheap horses, for breeders it is a pestilent heresy. A hunter should have all the above qualities and also a pedigree, and it is here that racing comes in, for a pedigree should be a record of performances. I have lately had for another purpose occasion to write several letters to cattle breeders on dairy farming and milking herds, and they all with one accord say that the first step to founding a milking herd is to spare no expense or trouble to procure a bull with a milking record. In the same way we want a horse for a sire which has records for galloping and jumping, or at least for siring jumpers in his pedigree, if not in his own history.

The question, "What is a hunter?" is a puzzling one, but it occurred to me that we might perhaps reach something that would help if we could discover the pedigrees of some of the famous horses of the past. I have before me an engraving of Ferneley's portrait of John Winter (Mr. Ralph Lambton's huntsman). He is riding a seven year old horse, which is almost a model of what a hunter should be. The horse is a stayer, for no other could live in the deep, strong country of North Durham. I have found his pedigree. He was by an Orville horse. Of the latter it was said that his lungs and courage were inexhaustible. The sire of the horse in the portrait, Richard, by Orville, on his dam's side had a most notable pedigree, including

Highflyer, Buzzard and other noted staying sires and, of course, great winners over the long distance racecourses of those days. The dam of the horse in the portrait was a well tried hunting mare owned by Mr. Lambton. This was then a hunter by his performances and his pedigree. It is also clear by the position of the rider's legs that the horse was not a big one, probably not more than 15h. 2in. If we examine the picture, this horse goes far to fulfil the idea of a hunter, a horse capable of carrying 14st. over a stiff, tiring country and which has in its pedigree stout racing blood and hunter performances. Moreover, we know that another of Orville's sons, Lord Hastings, was the sire of many first-rate Irish hunters.

Now, it is clear that if we bred horses on these lines we should obtain hunters and draught horses of the artillery type (for many good coach horses were sired by Orville's sons). The moral is twofold. First, that if we fix in our minds the right standard and then go deep enough into the pedigree we shall find the lines on which to breed hunters; and, secondly, that the mares are all important, a doctrine which cannot be too much dwelt upon in these days of scarcity of brood mares of substance. Having got so far I went a step further and, inferring that Mr. Lambton probably bought his mares from the North Durham farmers, I find that they used the old-fashioned Cleveland Bay to breed their hunters from, using on them a cross of blood. It was on horses of this type that the yeomen of North Durham, who were great followers of Mr. Lambton, mounted themselves.

It might therefore be a good thing if we had a definite answer to the question "What is a hunter?" If the Hunters' Improvement Society would turn their minds to giving us such a definition it would be a great help. At present anyone who attends hunter shows may well be a little puzzled, since some most successful prize winners have not been hunters in the sense that, whatever they looked like, no one could hunt them. That many show hunters have been impossible in the hunting field is notorious. Perhaps it would be well if horses over four years old were disqualified unless they had at least one season's hunting with a recognised pack to their credit. The same test might be applied to hunter sires. Our forefathers used many stallions for hunting, and some good hunters were so bred. If the advocates of hunter stallions would hunt their horses much of the distrust felt about the sires would disappear. To breed from a cross-bred horse without performances is one thing, to use a horse that has made a name for itself quite another.—X.

FEEDING GOATS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to M. G. E. Best six months old k'ds should grow and thrive quite satisfactorily on the same dietary as an in-k'd female. If it is desired to force the animal for show, a better and more expensive form of concentrated food might be worth giving, such as, say, 1lb. of a mixture made up of 1lb. linseed cake, 1lb. bran or dried grains, 2lb. ground oats. If green-stuff and roots are scarce, it is sometimes beneficial to give wet food for the sake of securing a sufficiently laxative dietary. It is well known that in cows the giving of wet mashes has a tendency at first to force the milk yield (at the expense of quality), but the yield usually falls back in the course of a week or two to the normal amount. The yield depends much more upon the presence of the necessary percentage of albuminoids than upon anything else, and, generally speaking, except under the exceptional circumstances named, meals and cakes are best fed dry. Grass will take the place of roots as long as you can get it. Before turning out on to it at this time of year, the goats should have a feed of dry stuff. Swedes can quite safely be given freshly pulled; it is only mangels that must be kept until well after Christmas, and they improve the longer they are kept. The crowns of mangels should not be fed, but should be cut off and thrown away.—C. J. DAVIES.

IS AN ASSOCIATION ADVISABLE?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The splendid work for the agriculture of the British Isles which you are doing in your articles on the necessity of increase of production and reclamation of waste lands leads me—an inexperienced townsman—to ask if you could not initiate the formation of an association or league to which the general public could belong to popularise this vital subject and to bring more pressure to bear on the authorities to face the question and to act without further delay? It may be objected that there are too many leagues already, but surely a comprehensive one could be formed with a strong and simple programme independent of all politics and parliamentary timidity, helpful to the agriculturists and including all real patriots of every shade of opinion who are looking for a better future for our country?—C. M. R.

[This is a good suggestion, but the immediate need is for public pressure to force the authorities to take steps for enlarging the supply of home-grown food.—ED.]

A WASP'S METHODS OF WARFARE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to Lord Wynford's description of the habits of the wasp, I, too, have noticed the peculiar manner in which it captures and devours its prey. On the sunny side of a wooden building in harvest time the wasp can be seen pouncing continually on the nail heads, mistaking them for flies. I have seen it capture an insect larger than a hive bee and both fall to the ground, where it behaves as described by your previous correspondents. Another remarkable thing about the wasp is that the head severed from the body will eat sugar, etc., all day, passing it through to the back. It will seize the point of a pin if offered, and while held up the nipping of its "teeth" on the metal can be heard till replaced against the food. I have occasionally placed a wasp and a dragon fly under a glass vessel. They come to grips at once (the vessel then may be removed) and fight to a finish, the smaller insect using its mouth and sting freely, while the dragon makes good use of the end of its tail as well as its large mouth and strong legs. I have seen both their mandibles locked in each other, each fighter's jaw in the other's mouth, and remained so till separated, after ten minutes. Finally, the dragon fly serves the wasp just as the latter serves the defenceless fly—clips off wings and legs and consumes *entirely* the carcass of its victim, the dragon fly itself dying a troublesome death some few hours later.—MICHAEL F. KELLY.

A TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
 SIR,—I have lately been delving into the architectural drawings of Thomas Sandby, brother of the more famous Paul. You may like to reproduce the enclosed photograph of one of them, called "Somerset House and part of a design for a Triumphal Bridge over the Thames." This is a scheme for the bridge which eventually took shape as Waterloo Bridge under the hand of John Rennie between October 11th, 1811, and 1816. Thomas Sandby lived from 1721 to 1798 and was a man of varied gifts and pursuits. Architect, draughtsman, and Deputy Ranger of Windsor Great Park, he was mainly responsible for the formation of Virginia Water. He and Paul were original members of the Royal Academy, and Thomas was the first professor of architecture to the Academy. His sixth lecture in that capacity (delivered in 1771) was illustrated by original designs for a "Bridge of Magnificence," which attracted much attention. Doubtless the drawing now at the Museum was among them. It shows a bridge not unlike Rennie's from the water to the footway parapet, but with "magnificence" provided, by way of a lofty colonnade and a big domed building as a terminal feature. My main purpose in drawing your readers' attention to this forgotten eighteenth century scheme is to emphasise the need for a "Triumphal Bridge" or a "Bridge of Magnificence" at Charing Cross when the present railway bridge, so justly reviled, disappears. I do not suggest Thomas Sandby's design for imitation, but as possessing the quality of design needed in a bridge which shall commemorate, as we trust a new road bridge at Charing Cross will do, a victory for right and liberty after titanic struggles.—Q. A. G.

SUGAR BEET AS A VEGETABLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent (COUNTRY LIFE, November 11th) on the garden cultivation of sugar beet, permit me, as one who was intensely interested in its cultivation in Suffolk, to give the following facts: I obtained seeds from the Dutch agents, who were prospecting among the local farmers, and in subsequent years I obtained seeds from a farmer. I regret to differ from you, Mr. Editor, as to sugar beet as a table vegetable. Their taste is delicious; sweeter than red beet. My wife boiled them three or four hours and served them hot with white sauce or cold with Tarragon vinegar (similarly to red beet). We also ate their green leaves cooked, which were as nice as spinach. (Cooked red beet leaves are also good, but are seldom eaten, as they might be!) Sugar beet must be cooked unskinned, as they bleed easily, like the red. The sugar beet we ate were not large ones. Sugar beet requires much attention as to weeds and should be carefully singled, as any damage spoils the plant. The seeds should be set well apart. As they grow so deeply into the soil, one has to be careful in gathering them, as the long taproot contains most of the sugar. To lift them on fields, a special small plough with two prongs is used (manufactured abroad; these could be made in England). This plough lifts the beet uninjured. As to the result on crops succeeding sugar beet (COUNTRY LIFE, November 4th), I have seen a field which was half grown with sugar beet show in a succeeding year the line distinctly in the corn where the sugar beet had ended; the



THOMAS SANDBY'S "BRIDGE OF MAGNIFICENCE."

crop on that side of the line was better in every way. The leaves of sugar beet form a splendid manure, while the tap roots open the soil as no other crop does. The continued cleaning off the weeds bears also its result. Special hoes are needed for sugar beet. All grazing animals, including horses, like sugar beet. The more sugar beet is cultivated in this country the better for our farmers and also for our households.—CHARLES GANZ.

THE ROOKS' DRYING GROUND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I recently saw a curious sight. On a house opposite this a low chimney was smoking. It was a very wet day and around this chimney were assembled some half a dozen rooks who were ducking their heads and flapping their wings in the smoke, as though they were bathing. I imagine they were trying to dry their wet feathers. I wonder if any of your readers have seen birds behaving in a like manner.—RACHAEL M. MOLE.

THE FAUNA OF "LONG TRENCH."

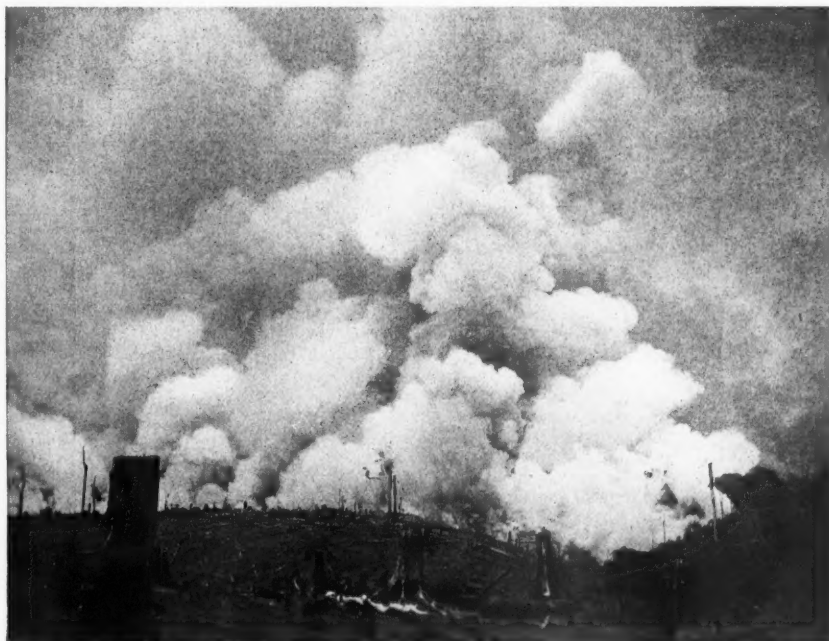
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Brigadier-General the Earl of Cavan in the course of a letter thus writes of the fauna of "Long Trench": "One hot August day I approached the mouth of Long Trench while its guardian batteries were both in action, and was glad to arrive safely with my companion in its towering walls, for immediately there was less jar to the ear and the soothing sense of greater protection which Mother Earth gives to the bravest. As at Loos, where every long chalk trench was familiar, the first thing that struck me was the number of holes about a foot or eighteen inches below the surface, giving one a glimpse of the wonderful life of the underground. I suppose a good naturalist could have picked out at once the mole-runs from the rat-runs and the countless mouse-runs, and would have expected to see one of these three animals imprisoned in the trough of the trench, as indeed he might often do, but the first captive I saw was a weasel. Bravest of all fighters as a rule, he was now alarmed, for his line of retreat was by no means secure; but his tactics were masterly. He fled along the hard trodden bottom of the trench till he came to a softer spot where was a trench-board; under this he dived, and my companion said: 'We've got him!' But neither he nor I had noticed a hanging thistle and a tiny ledge where the pick had not cut clean, and we saw the glorious jump for freedom—on to the thistle, on to the ledge, up again under the hanging wild convolvulus, and so to the surface. It was tempting to clamber up, if only to see what happened, but guides had warned us not to put a head above the trench till we were through the sky-line, as our own shells could but just afford to skim the ridge to reach the German wire. Our friendly guide had his steel helmet blown off his head the day before. A little further on there was a break in Long Trench and I counted six kestrels, who must have been happy to a degree long denied to their parents. Two years of *chasse defendue*, no keepers, and in all the vast strip just behind and between the lines not even a farmer's boy. Fields of perfect corn, thistles, self-sown rye grass, and all the riot of wild flowers that grow in the chalk. Truly the vermin are enjoying the war. It is curious to notice the complete disdain of high explosives, dust and noise, among these wild birds, though the hares keep back at the level of the railheads and cannot get accustomed to the din of battle. . . ."—H. MORGAN.

FROM THE FAR EAST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a piece of felled jungle in Pahang, F.M.S., being burnt off. I think it may be of interest to many of your readers—EVELYN SHILLITOE, Kuantan Pahang, F.M.S.



CLEARING A MALAYAN FOREST.

SPIKENARD OR JATAMANSI.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a subscriber to COUNTRY LIFE since its inception I should like to ask you kindly to supply me with the information hinted at as possessed by "H. C." in an article in the paper under column "In the Garden" and signed by these initials. Perhaps I had better explain that the very interesting article was about the nard obtainable from that ancient Eastern plant *Nardostachys jatamansi*; and I wished to ascertain what firm in London or elsewhere could supply this Eastern variety of the ointment known commonly as nard. I have never been able to obtain it, though I have been for long interested in its reputed virtues.—JOHN OSWALD.

[So far our enquiries have not been successful, and we think it doubtful if a supply of the desired ointment could be obtained in this country. We should esteem it a favour if any reader could supply the address of such a firm. If this is not forthcoming, the addresses of drug merchants in Bombay or Calcutta could be obtained from the Board of Trade Enquiry Office, Basinghall Street, London, E.C. The plant (*Nardostachys jatamansi*) from which this spikenard ointment is prepared is a herb found in the mountainous regions of Northern India, and as it is sufficiently hardy to stand in the open in this country, it could be obtained from any of our leading nurserymen. It has bitter and aromatic properties, and yields by distillation a volatile oil which resembles that of valerian. The drug is regarded as a tonic or nervous stimulant, and the pomatum or nard required by our correspondent is used in the East by athletes and others, who much prize it for muscle development. *Jatamansi* is chiefly employed in India at the present day as an agent in perfumery and in medicinal oils popularly believed to increase the growth and blackness of the hair.—ED.]

LEAF-BLIGHT IN CELERY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I ask your advice as to a disease or pest which for the last four years has attacked and almost destroyed our celery? It attacks the leaves with great rapidity; then the stalk rots. By immediately removing the infected leaves and then spraying the disease seems temporarily arrested. My gardener has been successful with celery for about twenty years until this particular disease appeared. I enclose a piece of stalk.—A. KENNEY HERBERT.

[From the very small portion of the plant sent for examination it is not easy to ascertain the cause of the trouble, but there seems very little doubt that the celery is attacked by the leaf-blight disease. This disease has been spreading with alarming rapidity within recent years, and it is always most troublesome in wet seasons. It is a fungus disease, first showing appearance by causing pale spots on the foliage. Once the plants are attacked the only remedy is to burn the infected foliage. Spraying with carbonate of copper solution early in the season will prevent the fungus attacking the foliage. Use carbonate of copper, 1oz.; carbonate of ammonia, 5oz.; dissolve in a quart of hot water and make up to sixteen gallons with soft water.—ED.]

WANTED—A PUPPY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your paper has such a large circulation in country houses that I venture to request the hospitality of your columns for an appeal on behalf of a military hospital near here. The days are now drawing in, and the poor bored, languid boys find time hang very heavily on their hands in the long dark evenings. They ardently desire a pet. If anyone has a puppy of the male persuasion to give away—his breed and his pedigree are quite immaterial—will they communicate with me? The men had a dog, which was stolen, and the matron is most anxious that they should have another, as she finds it makes such a difference to their spirits.—AGNES EGERTON CASTLE.

PERSUASION—OR COMPULSION?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The proposal to remove skilled farm labourers, for whom substitutes must be found, naturally means that greater numbers of unskilled substitutes will be wanted if even the average production of 1916 is to be repeated in 1917. But we all want larger—much larger—crops, which means still more labour. To send soldiers under training to help the farmer at intervals is extremely difficult and would lead to much waste of man-power. His operations cannot be conducted by clockwork—they are entirely dependent upon weather. Short of mobilising the whole manhood of the country and putting every able and suitable man who is required at the disposal of agriculture, there seems nothing less than some sort of compulsion for women. Is there any serious objection to forcing the womenfolk of the countryside to part-time work on the farm? Few of them—none in my neighbourhood—will labour in the fields. One explanation is that those whose menfolk have gone are receiving more money in their absence. Children above school age are wage earners elsewhere than on the farm, and altogether there is no particular temptation to the countrywoman to undertake the hard labour of farm work. My suggestion is that the womenfolk of agricultural labourers—indeed all women in the near neighbourhood of farms who receive Government allowances—who are capable and whose household duties do not prevent them should be required to put their services at the farmer's disposal for a certain number of hours on any day that he requires them, of course receiving payment for such services. Women with large families or with ailing children and for other obvious reasons cannot be impressed, but there are many who could give helpful service and they should be obliged to give it. Persuasion has failed in the majority of cases—perhaps because the women do not realise how serious the situation is. They might do so and volunteer for the work if every woman in the rural districts were to receive an official intimation that unless the required number of volunteers is enrolled by a certain time, some form of compulsion will be introduced. Few women can stand a full day's farm work, and the farmer who could call on female labour living in his own immediate neighbourhood could arrange his work so that no one woman was taxed beyond her strength.—HERBERT PRATT.

LABOUR-LIGHTENING AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—That women should be used in agriculture in largely increasing numbers is frequently advocated. So far I have seen no useful suggestion which, if adopted, would lighten their labour and overcome their want of skill. It needs not to be argued what good results would follow if this were possible. I therefore suggest that our farm implements should be improved or changed so that female labour could be used without much loss of quality and with far less strain on the worker. How many people in England have seen a plough in use which requires no greater skill for its employment than the ability to drive a pair of farm horses straight? This means very little skill indeed, for most agricultural horses have learned to keep to the furrow and only need to be turned on the headland. I believe in Belgium and in



A CANADIAN "SULKY" PLOUGH.



AN ENERGY-SAVING SEEDER.



DISC HARROW WITH SEAT.

some parts of France an implement known as the Brabant plough is employed, which can be managed by a small boy. I know that in Canada a plough that is driven from a seat is used. Among a number of photographs sent to me before the war by a Canadian friend I have found the accompanying three, and think them sufficiently instructive to hope you will find room for them in COUNTRY LIFE. Without leave from the Ministry of Munitions it will be impossible for agricultural engineers to supply similar implements, but the urgency of the need to discover means by which unskilled or female labour can be satisfactorily employed on English farms induces me to suggest that permission should be given to these engineers to make and supply British farmers with implements of the Belgian and Canadian simplicity of make.—J. HEATHER.